The Outlook

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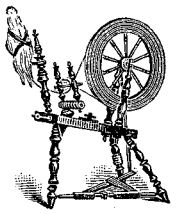

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The Outlook

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THE discontent which for the past quarter of a century—except in the prosperous years 1880 and 1881—has manifested itself in a change of votes against the party in power, last week told heavily against the Republicans. Everywhere, but especially in the cities, where the rise in the price of farm products is felt rather as a burden than as a gain, the Republican party suffered losses. In this State, to which all eyes were turned, definite convictions on National issues had little to do with the result. The Democratic gains were not more pronounced where the party indorsed the Chicago platform, as in Rochester and Syracuse, than where it refused to indorse it, as in this city. Just as the Democratic party under President Cleveland's administration was held responsible for the depression whether it stood for the gold standard, as in 1894, or for the free coinage of silver, as in 1896, so last week the Republican party was held responsible for unsatisfactory conditions by voters who had no definite convictions regarding the policies that should be pursued. To this general factor of National influence were added in this city the local factors of an excise law forced upon it by the rural districts, and the presence of a high tax rate which intensified the discontent caused by the business depression. Of these two local factors the first was the more important. Eighty per cent. of the people of this city are of foreign parentage, and those from Continental Europe at least are out of sympathy with the temperance legislation demanded by the American majorities in the rest of the State. With no defenders in the daily press, the Raines Law had come to be regarded as the synonym of intolerant restrictions on personal liberty. The tax rate also weighed heavily in a city accustomed to a very low rate. Great bodies of tenants even were convinced that the higher taxes on property were burdening them, though these taxes were uniformly used for purposes of direct benefit to them. These at least were the arguments put forward with the greatest skill and insistence by Tammany Hall during the campaign, with the result already familiar to every one. The Tammany candidate for Mayor received 234,000 votes, against 147,000 for Mr. Low, 101,000 for General Tracy, and 20,000 for the son of Henry George. Tammany's plurality agains Mr. Low was thus 87,000, and this was nearly thirty thousand less than its pluralities against Mr. Low's associates on the Citizens' Union ticket. The vote upon the State ticket in Greater New York indicated that about 100,000 Republicans and nearly 50,000 Democrats had supported Mr. Low. If the Republican organization, like some of the anti-Tammany Democratic organizations, had unreservedly indorsed Mr. Low, he could have been elected; but had the Citizens' Union Committee compromised with principle and entered into any dicker with the Republican organization, the bulk of its Democratic vote would have been lost, defeat would not have been averted, and the struggle would have been as ignominious as it was uplifting.

❀

The plurality of the Democratic candidate for the Court of Appeals in the entire State of New York was 56,000. This plurality, however, was materially increased by the failure of many Citizens' Union voters to record themselves for any candidate not on their ticket, and has little National significance, because the successful candidate, though he voted for Mr. Bryan last year, was practically the personal nominee of ex-Senator Hill, the anti-silver leader. Democrats of both factions supported him, and his plurality is not fairly to be set over against that of Mr. McKinley last year. Much the same thing may be said of the Democratic successes in the legislative elections in New Jersey, where the enormous Republican majority of last year was reduced to relatively nominal dimensions.

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In Massachusetts more significance attached to the vote, inasmuch as the Democratic candidate for Governor, ex-Congressman George Fred Williams, made a vigorous campaign for the free coinage of silver and the allied political issues. In the light vote polled the Republicans lost much more heavily than the Democrats, but the plurality of 86,000 remaining to Governor Wolcott proves that his Administration had held his supporters together exceptionally well. In Pennsylvania the Republican ticket did not fare so well. There the Republican plurality of over 300,000 a year ago was reduced to 126,000, of which nearly two-thirds was polled in the two cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The Rev. Dr. Swallow, who ran on the Prohibition ticket, conducted a bold and brilliant campaign against bossism, and polled 117,000 votes. Outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg he made a magnificent run, actually carrying ten counties, including that in which the State capital, Harrisburg, is situated. His success is one of the most gratifying features of the election. A similar success against bossism was achieved in Maryland. There Senator Gorman was actually defeated. The Republican majority of last year was, however, reduced, and Mr. Gorman's success outside of the city of Baltimore came very near giving him control of the Legislature. His defeat in Baltimore seems to have been due to his apparent willingness to espouse the free coinage of silver if party regularity so required. He was, however, distrusted by the ardent supporters of the Chicago platform. His retirement from the Senate may be welcomed by all who desire that political leadership shall signify the stalwart championship of principles instead of the skillful juggling with them. Certainly few men have exercised a worse influence upon our political life than Senator Gorman.

❀

In Ohio and Iowa, where the hard battles of the campaign were fought upon the silver issue, the Republican party suffered losses, though not such heavy ones as in New York, where this issue was obscured. In Ohio the plurality of about fifty thousand for Mr. McKinley last year was reduced nearly one-half, though the Populists refused to indorse the Democratic candidates this year, and polled from ten to fifteen thousand votes for their own ticket. Senator Hanna, who was the only other political issue except the free coinage of silver, narrowly escaped defeat. The Republican majority in the Legislature, which two years ago was eighty-five, is this year reduced to five. Had John R. McLean, his most probable successor in case of his defeat, been more satisfactory, Mr. Hanna's reputation as a boss would doubtless have given the Legislature to the Democrats. In Iowa the Republican plurality of sixty-odd thousand last year was reduced to about thirty thousand. The "Middle-of-the-road" Populists polled less than six thousand votes. The Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans, all of whom were required by law to vote under the same party emblem if they supported the same candidates, are now practically one party—the New Democracy. The newness of this Democracy is indicated by the fact that in one hitherto Republican county a Silver Republican, popular because of his prohibition views, was elected on the Democratic ticket.

❀

In Nebraska the three silver parties are altogether one party. Though the vote this year was smaller than last, the plurality of thirteen thousand for Mr. Bryan last year was somewhat increased by the fusion ticket this year. As was anticipated, the National Democrats almost uniformly supported the Republican ticket. In Nebraska this was prearranged, and no significance attaches to it. The small votes polled by the National Democrats in Iowa, Ohio, and Massachusetts were also matters of minor significance, as little was expected from their campaign in any of these States. The fate of the party in Kentucky, however, was a serious matter. A year ago the Gold Democrats of Kentucky generally supported Mr. McKinley, because the outcome of the election was to determine the National policy. This year, however, when only the clerkship of the Court of Appeals was to be disposed of, the Gold Democrats, under the lead of Mr. Watterson, conducted a vigorous campaign to demonstrate their importance as a political factor. All Democrats who sympathized with a conservative financial policy were called upon to stand up and be counted. The result of the count was less than 10,000 votes for the National Democratic candidate, to over 160,000 votes for the regular or Silver Democratic candidate, who carried the State by over twenty thousand plurality. Mr. Watterson thereupon announced that his fight to

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maintain a separate Democratic organization would be abandoned, and that he would fall back into the regular Democratic ranks. This result in Kentucky is likely to lead to the disorganization of the National Democracy in other States, and to the absorption of its conservative wing in the Republican party, and of its radical wing in the Democratic.

❀

It has long been the custom of the professional politicians to sneer at amateur reformers and college professors as persons inapt in dealing with public affairs; but among all the amateur politicians and college professors we do not recall a more disastrous collapse than that which has overtaken Mr. Platt, who is supposed to be a representative practical politician. Mr. Platt pushed through the Greater New York Bill in the face of an all but overwhelming public opinion in favor of greater deliberation; he carried it through the Legislature in opposition to the best judgment of his own party. Having organized Greater New York, he then proceeded to put it in the hands of Tammany Hall for four years; and now he has apparently lost control of the Assembly. As a practical politician Mr. Platt is not a success. He is the most conspicuous failure of the generation.

❀

The main branch of the Union Pacific was sold last week to the Reorganization Committee of that road for $58,000,000—a sum that covers both principal and interest of all advances made by the Government. This is a decided public victory, and shows the wisdom of those who refused to be terrorized into selling the road at a great sacrifice by the fear of public ownership. The net earnings of the road during the past five years showed that under a receiver appointed by the courts it could have continued to earn 5 per cent. on its entire bonded debt; and the country is to be congratulated that the Administration finally refused to accept less than the entire sum due to the Government. The bid accepted last week on the main line of the Union Pacific was about $8,000,000 more than was at first offered to the present Administration, and about $13,000,000 more than that apparently accepted by President Cleveland's Administration. Furthermore, as the offer accepted last week pays in full the Government's claim upon the main line, there is no doubt that the Administration had a right to accept it without consulting Congress as to the disposal of public property. Not only is the public treasury so much better off, but the Administration is not open to attack for arrogating to itself powers not given by Congress. The only criticism now offered by newspaper champions of the public interests, like the Springfield "Republican," is that the Administration should not have permitted the separate sale of the main line of the Union Pacific and of its Kansas Pacific branch. It is difficult to operate this branch independently of the main line, while the main line for various reasons is exceptionally independent of the branch. It is therefore feared that the Union Pacific Reorganization Committee will be able to buy in the Government's claim on the branch for much less than its full amount —$13,000,000. However, Attorney-General McKenna is represented as saying that the full amount must be paid, or the Government will buy in the property. This is certainly the right spirit, and we trust that the loss, if any, will be slight. The sale of the branch is set for December 15.

❀

The demand that "living wages" shall be paid upon all public work, including that given out to contractors, is likely to be strengthened by reason of the bulletin just issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor. This pamphlet discusses the operation of the "Fair Wages Resolution" in England from the time of its adoption in 1891 to the time of the recent Parliamentary investigation of its consequences. The adoption of the resolution was the outgrowth of an investigation of the sweating system, through which a large portion of the payment for many kinds of labor goes to contractors and sub-contractors, while the men who do the work are paid insufficient wages for excessive hours. In Parliament the labor element has a standing which it has never secured in Congress, and was able to procure the adoption of the following resolution:

> That, in the opinion of this House, it is the duty of the Government in all Government contracts to make provision against the evils recently disclosed before the Sweating Committee, to insert such conditions as may prevent the abuse arising from subletting, and to make every effort to secure the payment of such wages as are generally accepted as current in each trade for competent workmen.

The report of the Parliamentary Investigating Committee is in favor of the new policy. It

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says that "none of the witnesses from public departments have expressed other than satisfaction at the principle contained in the resolution." Complaints, it is admitted, have been made by workmen of breach of the spirit of the resolution, but these are becoming less frequent. The tendency is toward enforcing the rule that in all Government contracts the current rate of wages for competent workmen must be maintained. Here, of course, is an interference by Government with the law of supply and demand in a conscienceless labor market. The Government recognizes that as an employer it has no greater moral right to pay the least possible wages than its employees have to render the least possible service. It also recognizes that its obligation is not got rid of by hiring its laborers through the agency of a contractor. By defining fair wages as the wages customarily given to "competent" workmen in private employment it fixes a standard which varies in different districts, but which is everywhere easily determined. The favorable report upon this system by the English Parliamentary Committee will probably enable American workingmen to obtain similar legislation in many of our States. Already the New York law requires public contractors to agree to pay "the prevailing rate of wages." But as the prevailing rate of wages for the lowest class of workmen is shockingly low, contractors are able to conform with the letter of the law while violating its spirit. Not until our statutes, like that in England, require the prevailing rate of wages among "competent workmen" will the payment of fair wages for fair hours be insured.

❀

In several ways the subject of football is again very prominently under discussion. That the public is even more eager than ever to see the games (or combats) is shown by such facts as that 13,000 people recently attended at New York a game which was far from being one of the most important of the year; that the papers devote daily many columns not only to accounts of games played, but to the most minute information about the training of the men, changes in the teams, and so on (in this, by the way, even the New York "Evening Post" joins, though it is conducting a vigorous campaign against football); and that at Cambridge last week a line was formed for the purchase of tickets to the Yale-Harvard game forty-eight hours before the ticket office was opened. But while the public thus shows the utmost eagerness to attend the games, there is strong evidence that the playing is becoming more and more brutalized; or, as it seems to many observers, that a decided gain made in this respect during the last two years has now been again lost. The death at Atlanta of a lad from injuries received in playing football has aroused sentiment in Georgia to such an extent that bills have been introduced in the Legislature forbidding the playing of the game, and the city of Atlanta has passed an ordinance against football in the city itself. Really of more significance than this single sad accident is the long list of injuries, many of decided seriousness, which any reader of the daily papers can easily make for himself.

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Far worse, however, than the fact that injuries are so common is the proof that deliberate brutality is practiced. Here, for instance, are two quotations from apparently friendly reports of football games, which we find in the New York "Evening Post." In the Brown-Pennsylvania game, the claim that McCracken was justified in striking an opponent in the face with his elbow because he did it "instinctively" and in self-defense was disallowed, though it was stated that he "was being throttled by Fulz, of Brown, who came up from behind and pulled McCracken's head back." The same narrator says: "All through the game Brown's players did a lot of holding and interfering, and several of them also had a nasty habit of throttling and kneeing their man after they had him down." And in an account of another game the writer naïvely says: "Shortly after the kick-off, Parker (Harvard) was ruled off for slugging. He was returning in kind what had been given him by a big Cornellian, but, unluckily, was caught in the act." One more quotation must be made, from a Western source. Says the La Crosse (Wis.) "Republican:"

> In the game at Minneapolis Saturday, the only feeling regarding a disabled man was that he was delaying the game. The savage cries, "Take him off the field!" when a young athlete lay writhing, might well have resounded through the Roman amphitheater two thousand years ago when a slain gladiator encumbered the way of further slaughter.

We wish we could say that these quotations were misleading and the events described exceptional, but we have seen literally scores of accounts of accidents, injuries,

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unfair play, and disgraceful "professionalism" in securing strong players, within the past few weeks. Football is perfectly capable of being made a manly, vigorous, interesting game, free from brutality, and as reasonably free from danger of serious accident as are other outdoor sports. If the college authorities insist on a revision of rules for this purpose, well and good; if not, public sentiment will soon demand that the game as now played be suppressed.

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Mr. Hannis Taylor's article in the "North American Review" on the Cuban question raises the question as to the right of an ex-Minister to use in public discussion information gained in a diplomatic position. As Minister to Spain under President Cleveland Mr. Taylor had unusual opportunities of studying the situation in Spain, and he writes with an evident purpose to tell the truth. There is really no disagreement among the authorities either here or in Spain with regard to the causes of the rebellion in Cuba. It had its origin in economic conditions, and these conditions were intensified and made unbearable by misgovernment. Spain has treated Cuba as the English treated their colonies in the last century, as a source of revenue for the mother country. The wealth of the island has been derived from tobacco and sugar, and, between the tariffs which the foreign countries have imposed upon these two products and the legislation which the Spanish Cortes has enacted, the income of Cuba has largely disappeared. It was the misery and discontent brought about by this economic condition which made the people ready for revolt, and which is likely to make them unwilling to accept any kind of an arrangement in the way of autonomy which Spain may be ready to offer. The Cubans are fighting for a chance to live even more than for a chance to govern themselves. All this Mr. Taylor brings out in some detail and with convincing clearness. He brings out another fact which is even more discouraging, and that is the inability of the Spanish public men to understand the situation. Of home rule or autonomy, in our sense of the word, he thinks no Spaniard has the slightest conception; and to concede real home rule to Cuba would be understood by the Spanish people as a virtual surrender of the sovereignty of the island. In Mr. Taylor's judgment, therefore, Spain would rather lose the island as the result of a fight than make a concession which, in her judgment, would be equivalent to a peaceful abandonment of the island.

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It is idle, therefore, to expect that the Liberal Ministry, however well inclined, would be willing to offer such political conditions as the Cubans would accept, or as any well-informed nation would advise them to accept. The situation is hopeless so far as this is concerned, because neither the Spanish Government nor the Spanish people have any idea of what self-government means. Mr. Taylor thinks that the duty of this country will not be fulfilled until Congress has, by joint resolution, defined a policy which may be expressed in three propositions: the first, asserting our duty on the broadest possible lines to put an end to the hopeless war in Cuba, because it involves constant disturbance of our own peace and destruction of our own commerce and property interests; the second, stating that, after enduring patiently all the evils incident to fifteen years' war in Cuba in the last twenty-nine, our Government has offered in vain its friendly service as a peacemaker to Spain; and the third, declaring that, in view of Spain's refusal to accept such friendly services in the form of mediation, this country must now devise some means of bringing the war in Cuba to a speedy close in case Spain fails to accomplish the same result within a specified time. Mr. Taylor may be entirely sound in these propositions. In our judgment he is sound, though it is a difficult question to decide when the time of probation shall be brought to an end. But Mr. Taylor is greatly mistaken in his declaration that such a resolution, if passed, would not be regarded by Spain as a *casus belli*. Most observers and students are firmly of the opinion that the passage of such a resolution would inevitably bring about a collision between the two countries. That contingency must be faced when Congress deals with the question. The fact that Spain is bankrupt would have very little, if any, influence on the question of her going to war with this country.

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The publication of this article and of an interview with Mr. Taylor in the New York "Herald" has naturally called out a strong expression of feeling in Spain. In thus giving to the public information which could have come to him only in an official capacity,

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Mr. Taylor has undoubtedly violated diplomatic conventions. The sensational newspapers, whose business interests are fostered by appealing to whatever inflammable material there is in the community, and by making an ounce of fact bear the weight of a ton of fabrication, immediately interpreted Mr. Taylor's utterances as an expression of the policy of the Administration, without stopping to call the attention of their readers to the absurdity of supposing that the President and his Cabinet would choose a political opponent whom they had recently displaced from office as a medium of communication with the world at large. Speculative Wall Street, which is always nervous and cowardly, immediately showed the effects of a "war scare." There is reason to believe, however, that the situation has in no wise been changed by Mr. Taylor's imprudent utterances; that the Spanish Ministry is anxious for a settlement of the question, and that our Government is equally anxious for such a settlement, and disposed to give Sagasta a chance to see what he can accomplish. The question needs, above all things, quiet, rational treatment. It is to be dealt with by statesmen, not by the exponents of yellow journalism.

❀

The Conference on the sealing question between representatives of Russia, Japan, and the United States concluded its sessions at Washington last week. The result of the Conference was a treaty, or convention, between the three Powers, which was duly signed by the delegates, and which will, in due course, go to the United States Senate for ratification. In accordance with diplomatic custom, the text of the treaty has not yet been made public. It is confidently believed, however, that it will have the effect of suppressing pelagic sealing on the part of the three nations represented. This convention is very far, however, from satisfactorily settling the subject, as the foreign power most concerned in the matter, Great Britain, was not represented. As we have already stated, a second Conference will be held almost immediately between British and American experts to discuss the scientific and commercial aspects of the question, and it is earnestly hoped that it may be followed by some satisfactory understanding as to pelagic sealing between Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. The general opinion, unfortunately, seems to be that such a conclusion is to be hoped for rather than to be confidently expected.

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"The Internal Crisis in Germany" is the subject of a thoughtful and impartial article in the last "Edinburgh Review." The prevailing unrest in the Fatherland, says the writer, is due to the absence of so large a middle class as exists in Great Britain or France. The relative poverty is therefore greater, and this is emphasized by the more extravagant living which has characterized Germany since 1871. To this relative poverty is largely due the Socialist tendencies of most of the laboring classes in the towns and cities. Some interesting comparative figures concerning income and property taxes support the above statement. In Prussia, for instance, the line of exemption from the income tax is drawn at $225, in Great Britain at $800—yet even with the lower limit only eight and one-half per cent. of the Prussian population (about thirty-two millions) are income-tax payers. In other words, over ninety-one per cent. of the people must needs live on less than $225 a year. There is only one income of more than $2,325 in every five hundred and fifty of the population, and incomes of over $8,625 are confined to about thirty-seven thousand persons. The property-tax returns show that not four per cent. of Prussia's population own property to the taxable amount, while property representing more than $125,000 in value is held by only fourteen thousand persons. Prussian landed property is mortgaged to over thirty-five per cent. of its value. These figures are eloquent enough to show that in North Germany at least such poverty may explain much of the present discontent. Commenting on this, the London "Spectator" declares it to be also the explanation both of the means now being taken to help on German expansion and of the opposition to these means. William II. sees British prosperity due to a world-empire; he sees also the Fatherland wedged between Russia and France, and with no chance of expansion. No wonder, then, that he revives the German colonial policy; but there is also the introduction of a new naval policy. The latter is resisted by both Liberals and Socialists, because, instead of relieving the economic pressure, it only increases it. This resistance is doubled at the thought that a great navy as well as a great army would be under the command of one

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who, as has been truly said, "lacks wisdom and scouts experience."

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The business world is as much interested as is the political world in the efforts of Commissioner Kasson and his coadjutors towards the establishment of reciprocity with various countries. Among these countries Germany occupies no inferior rank. Its Government has already been informed that we are ready to begin negotiations for a treaty of reciprocity under Clauses 3 and 4 of our new tariff. This proposal is now being discussed in three departments of the Imperial Government, those of Finance, Foreign Affairs, and of the Interior. The general work is in the charge of the new Finance Minister, Baron von Thielmann, lately Ambassador at Washington, and of Herr Wermuth, Commissioner to the Chicago Fair. The results of their labors in showing the effect of the Dingley tariff on German industry may be different from those instanced in the journals of the Fatherland. The "Kreuz Zeitung" claims that the decrease in exports for the quarter ending September 30 is over one-half; but, according to the compilation of official lists by our Consul-General Goldschmidt, it is but a third. The decrease is mostly in sugar—not a surprising fact when we consider that for the quarter just prior to the passage of the Dingley Bill the German sugar export was doubled. The Agrarians are seeking means for retaliation, the "Deutsche Zeitung" declaring that—

> If it should prove that the commercial intercourse between Europe and the United States continued, as at present, to make necessary an outflow of gold to America and a chronic stiffening of the European money market, the European countries, which this year will have to pay about 500,000,000 marks [$125,000,000] for American cereals, in excess of their exports, will be compelled to organize joint measures for self-defense.

To this the more influential "National Zeitung" replies:

> Everybody has known that the Dingley Tariff Bill would injure German industry, and the question is, What can be done on the German side to neutralize the injury? A tariff war such as the Agrarians want would only render the situation more acute.

An important recent event in home commerce was the temporary advance of December wheat once more to the dollar mark. During the past quarter-year purchases of wheat have been on an unprecedented scale.

The Liberal newspapers are pointing out the various phases of recent diplomacy which show that Lord Salisbury, in attempting to be both Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, has attempted the impossible. There seems to be good ground for the belief that a few weeks ago his retirement was not wholly a fiction of the newspapers; but the better health of Lady Salisbury has apparently allayed the fears of the Conservatives that they were about to lose their official leader. The Prime Minister is being urged, however, even by his friends, to divide his work and to give up the place of Foreign Minister. The Liberal papers are saying very frankly that if the Prime Minister had had a free hand to deal entirely with the foreign affairs his connection with the Turkish situation would not have been what it is now, nor would he have made the mistake of delaying the various questions at issue between our own Government and the English Government to a degree which has proved exasperating to two American Secretaries of State. They are also reminding him that at home, if he had had more time and thought to give to political conditions, an old Tory like Lord Londonderry would not have gone into open revolt, on the ground that in passing the Compensation for Accidents Bill the Government had abandoned Conservative principles. There is no doubt that the Conservative Ministry has recently made several tactical blunders of quite serious importance. One of them is the alienation of the group of Tories whom Lord Londonderry represents; another is the alienation of great employers of labor in the Middle Counties. A Conservative Prime Minister who consents to allow Mr. Chamberlain a comparatively free hand in legislation must at least take time to explain his action and to reconcile the members of his own party to it. That Lord Salisbury has evidently not done. The revolt of Lord Londonderry is likely to be serious; he has himself declared that it will involve the loss of many seats in the North of England. Exactly what he hopes to accomplish by revolting does not appear. If he thinks the Conservative Ministry too liberal in its policy, what could he hope from a Liberal Ministry pure and simple?

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In a recent issue the "Revue des Deux Mondes" collects some of the facts which have found their way to the public one by one,

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and which The Outlook has pointed out from time to time, showing the immense advance of Russian power and influence in the Far East. Within a year, according to the calculation of the engineers, the last rail of the great Trans-Siberian Railroad will be laid, and, in addition to the opening up of enormous new territories, Russia will secure a direct outlet to the sea, thus working out the problem which she has so long tried to solve along a new line. Under the provisions of a recent treaty, China has given Russia another harbor, which is open in winter, so that Russia will now be in possession of two new ports, Vladivostok having come into her possession at the close of the recent war with Japan. To this new port on the Bay of Pe-Chi-Li a branch will be built from the Siberian Railroad, primarily for military purposes. Denied an outlet on the Black Sea and on the Indian Ocean, Russia has at last succeeded in her determination to get proper water approach by securing these concessions on the Chinese Sea.

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The "imminent conflict" between British and French forces in the disputed West African *hinterland* has not yet occurred, though the situation has been aggravated by the publication of semi-official notes in London and Paris, and by hysterical newspaper comment. Even so unemotional a journal as the London "Times" remarks: "If the French are unwise enough to persist in carrying out the theory of effective possession constituting a title, they will find that we shall be reluctantly obliged to apply it, too." At all events, no sooner have the British Nigerian forces ended one war in West Africa than another disturbance must be looked for in the queerly cut up country bordering the land of Benin. The map of that portion of the Dark Continent is indeed parti-colored, but it will be noted that the colors fade away into a gray monotony the farther one recedes from the coast. Claims and even some treaties have been made, but what is a colonial power to do with tribesmen who are only too pleased to make a treaty with any one, hoping thus for additional free ornaments as *quid pro quo?* The present trouble is in the Borgu country. It has been discovered that both Britons and Frenchmen have made treaties with the Borgus. The French arrive, they seize Nikki, the capital, as their own, when, lo! British forces appear with a similar claim. The situation would lend itself well to comic opera were it not so serious—the sudden impulse of one man might precipitate a conflict between the two greatest of colonizing nations. It is earnestly to be hoped that the conference of British and French negotiators, now sitting in Paris, will show greater moderation and discretion than have been exhibited in the statements put forth by the Colonial Offices in each capital. It may be added that the ambition to make British Africa extend in an unbroken line from Alexandria to Cape Town is offset by the French desire to control the region from Algeria and Tunis to Dahomey and Togoland, and also from Cape Verde and from Cape Lopez to the Nile Valley. In the endeavor, however, to realize her main ambition, England does not forget her four coast colonies in West Africa. They are already circumscribed by French territory or "spheres of influence;" but the British have apparently had some chance of returning tit for tat around the French Gold Coast. France now appears to have won an important ally. By the terms of a recent treaty Germany concedes for four years the right of passage through her African territory of French troops and war material. This will not lessen the unpopularity of William II. in England, where his famous Kruger telegram is by no means forgotten.

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The Russian visit of President Faure was so brilliantly successful that it has been followed by a period of unusual political quiet in France. This, however, is probably only a lull before the storm, because a general Parliamentary election is in the comparatively near future. The New York "Tribune" comments on the fact that animated discussion has already been started by the suggestion of various changes in the direction of electoral reform. The present Chamber of Deputies was elected by a *scrutin d'arrondissement;* that is to say, by districts, as members of Congress are elected in this country. The Radicals and Socialists are making a vigorous campaign to secure a change to the *scrutin de liste*, or the method of electing by the use of a single ticket, as Presidential electors are chosen in this country. It is also proposed to provide for taking the vote of the standing army under practically the same conditions as prevailed during the empire of Napoleon III. This is a change which lays open the army to the machinations of would-be dictators, or military heroes who

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happen to be running for office. Another perilous change is proposed in the direction of allowing voters who cannot personally cast their ballots to send them by mail; and a still further modification of the existing system, for which something may be said, is the proposal to deprive of the electoral franchise any voter who neglects to vote at three consecutive elections without good cause. The payment of election expenses by the State has its advocates, and various modifications of the Constitution of the Chamber of Deputies are proposed, involving the increase of salaries to $5,000, the reduction of the number of Deputies from 580 to 300, and the election of one-third of the Chamber every third year. The time is so short that none of these changes is likely to be made.

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The Triumph of Tammany

The triumph of Tammany in the city of New York by a plurality of about 86,000, in spite of the enthusiasm manifested for the two anti-machine tickets, that of the Citizens' Union and that of the Jeffersonian Democracy, is a fact at once strange and discouraging. It would be worse than idle to close our eyes to the significance of this vote. It is the victory, not only of Tammany, but of Tammany at its worst, of Tammany after it has been judicially convicted of using the police for purposes of blackmail, of Tammany under the leadership of a man who has made thousands, if not millions, out of a corrupt municipal government, and who has come back from spending his income on the race-tracks of Europe to reassume control of this political society, who has pushed aside the man who was apparently the candidate of the majority of the party, and forced upon that party a man almost absolutely unknown. Doubtless there are some good men and true identified with Tammany Hall; but its character as an organization must be determined by the men whom it selects to control and to represent it. Its controlling spirit is Richard Croker, of whom the less said the better; and it chooses to represent it in the office of the District Attorney, upon whose efficiency the city must depend for the enforcement of the law and the preservation of order, a man who gave to the campaign what was probably its most popular rallying-cry, "To hell with reform!"

The victory of such an organization under such leadership is a phenomenon to be accounted for. Its significance must be comprehended before we can know how to meet and overcome the evil which it at once indicates and makes potent.

In a great city like New York, the criminal, the vicious, and the ignorant members of society are not an insignificant number. At certain crises they are largely reinforced by lawless men who are not criminal; that is, by men who do not wish to commit crime, but who are unwilling to be restrained in their self-will by any law emanating from superior authority. These elements were, and are, all combined, with very few exceptions, in support of the Tammany régime—a régime which punishes crime only when it interferes with property rights, and leaves vice, sensuality, and self-indulgence in all its forms free from inconvenient restraint. The men who confound license with liberty are all for Tammany.

To these baser elements of human nature must be added another scarcely less base—the envious suspicion with which in our present industrial situation the poor regard the rich, and their aversion to leadership that comes from the so-called upper classes; an envy and suspicion sometimes aggravated by the well-intentioned but mistaken tone of patronage which missionary reformers assume. How free Mr. Low personally was from this tone, and how far exempt from this suspicion, is indicated by the fact that he ran nearly thirty thousand ahead of his ticket; but we cannot doubt that it operated powerfully against the Citizens' movement.

These elements in society have been reinforced in this election by great numbers of men who are neither criminal nor vicious, but who believe in liberty and resent interference with it. The people of this great city have a right to determine for themselves the question of the saloon, in all its aspects. When a Legislature, by the vote of rural members, undertakes to determine that question for them, they resent the interference. It is true that the Citizens' Union stood for Home Rule, but Mr. Low would have sought to secure Home Rule only by legal methods and through moral agitation. Tammany promises to give not only liberty but license, by the short and easy road of leaving the law unenforced; and there are great numbers in such a city who, without being in the broad sense lawless, are yet possessed of the conviction that a law which they do not like may

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well be left as a dead letter on the statute-book.

With their appeal to the sensuality, the vice, the license, and the love of what we may call lawless liberty as distinguished from "the law of liberty," Tammany also appealed in various forms, public and private, to covetousness and self-interest. Publicly it laid emphasis on the fact that the taxes had been increased under a reformed government, and ignored the fact that the increase of the taxes had given clean streets, small parks, recreation piers, adequate school buildings. Privately it appealed to thousands of men who had been, if they are not now, out of employment, and who wanted work; and to still greater numbers who want jobs without work —that is, high pay for little service or for none. The sixty or seventy millions of dollars a year to be appropriated by the city government is to be distributed by Tammany among its supporters. From Richard Croker to the poorest heeler in the lowest ward there is a great army of self-seekers who are in politics openly and avowedly for what they can make, and who will in the next four years make a great deal, in sums varying from a dollar a day to scores of thousands of dollars a year.

Nor are the political bosses, the party hacks, the ward heelers, and the individual voters the only ones who have been bribed by this great offer. The "favored corporations" are also in politics for what they can make. They find it easier to buy favors of an individual than of a Legislature; easier to protect themselves from strikers by paying an individual than by bribing a Legislature. As in the olden times the Lowlanders found it, or thought they found it, cheaper and easier to pay Rob Roy than to fight the marauding clans, so in our time some corporations that are enriching themselves at the expense of the people, and some others which are not doing so directly but only indirectly, gave efficient support, all the more efficient that it was unseen by the public and unreported by the press, to the modern municipal Rob Roy.

These forces could not alone have won so decisive a victory last Tuesday, but they were reinforced by the spirit of partisanship. This spirit divided the antagonists of Tammany and increased its recruits. Thousands of good men voted the Tammany ticket because it was the regular Democratic organization and they were Democrats; and thousands of good men voted for Mr. Tracy because he was the regular Republican candidate and they were Republicans. In the one case the well-being of the Democratic organization, in the other the well-being of the Republican organization, took the first place; the well-being of the municipality the second. Others, who really regard the municipality above party, still voted for Mr. Van Wyck or for Mr. Tracy because they believed a non-partisan organization to be an impossible anomaly in American politics, and still hold to the hope of reforming the party to which they belong from within.

This partisan vote for Tammany was largely increased by the political reaction of the hour. Account for it as we may, it appears to be a characteristic of democracy to swing, pendulum-like, from one extreme to the other. The State of New York, which in 1896 cast a Republican majority of 268,000, in 1897 casts a Democratic majority of about 50,000. The extravagant promises made by party orators on the eve of an election never are and never can be fulfilled by those who are elected. Then come disappointment, disgust, and revolt. The reactionary wave which in the State of New York apparently transfers over 300,000 votes from one party to another would of itself be sufficient to account for the unexpected dimensions of Tammany's plurality.

All these forces would, however, probably have been inadequate to win the fateful victory for bad government in the city of New York had they not been organized with an unscrupulous skill in organization unequaled by any other political body in the country. It is said that in the tenement-house districts there is a Tammany captain for every block, and there are local clubs which keep the Tammany voters together and in touch with the captain, who is himself in touch with the headquarters. On the one side was this permanent and skillfully articulated organization; on the other a great enthusiasm, organized, it is true, but organized only on the eve of the battle, and for the purpose of winning it. On the one side was compactly organized self-interest; on the other side loosely organized enthusiasm. On the one side unity; on the other side division.

We have no inclination to minimize the defeat which the forces of moral order have suffered, yet it is also right to caution our readers not to exaggerate that defeat. The streets will not be as dirty, nor the police as corrupt, nor the local judiciary as incompetent and dishonest, nor the rights of the common

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people as grossly disregarded, nor the school accommodations as inadequate, nor sensuality and vice as uproarious under Tammany as they have been in the past. During the past three years we have climbed a little way out of the moral and physical filth from which the great metropolis is gradually emerging. In this election we have fallen a little way back again, but we have not fallen all the way back. That the forces of iniquity, reinforced by partisanship and aided by some men whose moral desires are better than their moral discernment, have gained a mastery over the great city for the next four years is sadly true. But it is also true that the civic conscience of the whole city has been aroused as never before; that this conscience will make itself felt in some restraint of the victorious forces of iniquity we do not doubt.

As to the future the duty is clear. The moral enthusiasm for good government must not be allowed to evaporate. The Citizens' Union should maintain and extend its organization; it also should have its captains and its clubs in every district; it should be more, not less, democratic; it should secure local leaders in the lower wards and should throw upon them responsibility; it should be in the future even less than it has been in the past an aristocratic movement; it should overcome the suspicion with which all reformers coming from the wealthier classes to lecture in the poorer wards are regarded, by securing even more than in the past the co-operation of men of virtue and intelligence who are not wealthy or cultured—and there are many such; it should take courage from the fact that 150,000 voters have been found to break away from party organization and rally round the principle of personal liberty and municipal purity; it should seek by correspondence to secure and promote similar organizations in other cities in the State; it should band these various municipal organizations together in one co-operative fellowship; and it should make a demand—whether in alliance with the political parties, or one of them, or absolutely independent of both political parties, is a question which only the future can determine—for that Home Rule, that municipal ownership of municipal franchises, and that severance of municipal issues from National politics which were the fundamental principles of the Citizens' Movement, the victory of which is absolutely essential to good government in the various municipalities of the State.

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The Plymouth Church Semi-Centennial

Last spring the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Trinity Church, in this city, called attention to the English strain in our blood and the English religious influences in our National life. Last month the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the quaint old church in Sleepy Hollow reminded us of the Dutch blood which flows in our veins and of the Dutch characteristics which have become part of our National habit. This week the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, brings the figure of the Puritan to the front, and reminds us of the great part which his spirit and ideas have played in American history. It was the belief of our fathers that they were building up a homogeneous people on this continent; homogeneous in the sense that it was to be drawn from the English-speaking race, and that it was to have kindred political and religious ideals. During the last twenty years the country has come to recognize the fact that it is a composite people which is growing up here, and that the American conception of life, political and individual, when it is finally developed, will be shaped out of many different elements. At this moment the composite character of our population constitutes one of our greatest perils, imposes upon us one of our most difficult problems, and opens to us one of our greatest opportunities. The ideas of life which the Puritan represented are to win in this country, if they win at all, not by preponderance of numbers, but by their own authority, and by the persuasiveness and power with which they are enforced.

Plymouth Church was fortunate in securing as its first pastor the greatest preacher whom this continent has known, and one of the greatest preachers in the history of the Christian Church. Mr. Beecher's name is so associated with liberalism in religion that people are likely to forget that he was a true son of the Puritans. Even his early sermonic form was cast in the old molds, and it was not until he had preached many years that he entirely discarded the sermonic methods of the past. He was a Puritan in the mastery of ethical ideas,

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in the whole range of his thinking. A warm, capacious, sunny nature, loving literature and art and all things beautiful, deeply interested in all kinds and conditions and occupations of men, he saw everything from the standpoint of character, and measured everything by its ability to minister to the moral growth of men. As the early Puritan had endeavored to organize the kingdom of God among men in social and political institutions, so this great preacher endeavored to translate the will of God and the law of God into social and political organization and habit. In Plymouth Church abstract righteousness was never preached; it was applied righteousness which gave Plymouth pulpit such power and influence. And as the attempt was made to interpret the will of God with regard to the question of slavery, and later to see the will of God illustrated anew in the researches and illumination of modern science, so to-day the same church stands for the interpretation of the will of God in social and industrial relations and conditions.

The Puritan stood pre-eminently also for the sovereignty of the individual conscience; he interpreted literally the declaration that we are kings and priests unto God; he not only ruled his own spirit, but he prophesied according to his own vision. It was this sense of direct responsibility to God and power flowing from God which made the Protestant, whether in England, Scotland, or France, the foe of tyrants and the organizer of free institutions. The Puritan's individualism was often developed in excess of his social sense and at the expense of it, but it was essentially a declaration of the independence of spiritual manhood from all false conventions, ties, and laws. It was an attempt to substitute the law of God for the law of man; not always wise, not always successful, but sincere, courageous, and, in the main, eminently helpful to society. For these ideas Plymouth Church has now stood half a century, expressing its loyalty to God by its service to humanity, and striving to translate theology into the speech of living men, and to make the teachings of Christ the law of industry, society, and government. But Plymouth Church does not stand alone for these fundamental ideas. The fact that at the anniversary exercises on Thursday evening Dr. George A. Gordon is to speak on "The Theology for To-Day," Dr. Washington Gladden on "Social Problems of the Future," and President Tucker, of Dartmouth, on "The Church of the Future," shows that, while Plymouth Church has been one of the leaders of the advance among evangelical churches, it has been one of many churches of the Puritan order moving in the same general direction and for the same great truths.

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The Year of Wandering

The wide-felt need of calmness of nerves and mind is expressed in many ways in these days. Some of these ways are sane and wise; some of them are unwholesome and misleading; but whether wise or foolish, they are alike significant of the consciousness of the lack of something which is necessary for the truest growth and fruitfulness. The world is full of restless men and women, who are vainly seeking in some place or philosophy or person that repose which can come only from inward peace. The ends of the earth are searched for that which lies close at hand, and distant and alien religions are invoked to bestow that which the seeker can find only in his own spirit. This restlessness is often confused by its victims with intellectual and spiritual energy, and the mere agitation of a wasted nervous force is mistaken for a genuine activity of the soul. An immense amount of vitality is expended in simply changing localities without changing the spirit. The multitude of invalids and semi-invalids who are seeking health in remote climates is matched by another multitude who are seeking peace and repose by getting into the atmosphere of other faiths and traditions.

As there are world-travelers hurrying across every sea and rushing from point to point on every continent, so there are soul-travelers who are never at rest, but are constantly hurrying from philosophy to religion and from religion back to philosophy. And so there has grown up a kind of polyglot knowledge which is not and cannot become culture; and a polyglot religion in which there is neither the power of personal experience nor the peace which flows from individual conviction. It is not by searching the earth with tireless feet that men come to know their own natures, nor by worshiping at many shrines that they enter into that peace which passes knowledge. Restlessness is always the sign of a life unfulfilled and a soul unsatisfied; it is conclusive evidence that one has not come into that harmonious relation with himself and the world which is the first step towards real growth.

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Agitation often accompanies a deep experience, but when the lesson of the experience has been learned the agitation gives place to peace. The first contact with a new field of work or of knowledge often moves the spirit profoundly; but when one has taken possession of the field, or put his hand resolutely to the work, calmness comes. For it is only in peace and repose that truth reveals its deeper aspects, the spirit comes to self-knowledge, and real growth begins. We do not begin to grow in power and wisdom until we strike deep roots into the soil; and he who is always traveling gets no rootage. In the old German student life the year of wandering had its recognized place as an invaluable part of education; but it was an experience of preparation, not a continuing habit. It was the path by which the learner came at last to his home; for it is only in a true home that the soul lives its normal life.

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Nansen as a Lecturer

The welcome extended to Fridtjof Nansen by American audiences the past week is largely due, as Governor Wolcott put it in introducing the explorer at Boston, to a desire "to do tribute to that courage and endurance without which manhood is but an empty thing." It is also in great part due to interest in a man of a singularly attractive personality. Dr. Nansen's attainments in scientific work and in exploration have in no degree made him dull, heavy, or pedantic. Quite the contrary. The immense audience which filled the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York last Saturday night greeted an alert, vigorous man of thirty-six, tall and athletic in figure, fair in complexion, bright and cheerful of face, a typical Norwegian in many ways, with a manner and expression sometimes almost boyish. One felt that this was the kind of man to act promptly and resolutely, to hold a purpose tenaciously, to overcome obstacles with quick intelligence, and to accept what befell him with good nature and constant courage. From the first word he held the close attention of his auditors. Of the ordinary attributes of oratory and eloquence he had few; his voice was strong and distinct, but his delivery had a monotonous swing which might have been wearisome if the subject matter had not been continuously interesting. Nansen's command of English is fairly good; a foreign accent is always perceptible, though never unpleasantly so, and never in such a way as to make it at all difficult to follow him. A slight nervousness of manner wore off as he warmed to his work. Modestly and simply he told the story of the famous drifting voyage of the Fram, which reached waters never before visited by a vessel, of the dash northward by Johansen and himself to 86° 15′, of the fifteen months spent in reaching Franz Josef Land, and of hardships, dangers, and adventures almost incredible. It was the narrative of his book "Farthest North" admirably condensed and arranged. Never once was there any attempt to be melodramatic or to exaggerate. The speaker talked so quietly and in such a matter-of-fact way about his own achievement that it was hard to realize how often he had been near to death and disaster. "I can assure you that this was not pleasant," or, "Really, this was disagreeable," or, "This required much patience," was about as strong a phrase as he would use to describe a situation that to most men would seem desperate and unendurable. An occasional touch of humor was added in a natural and spontaneous fashion. Dr. Nansen is not without a vein of sentiment, too, and this was particularly apparent in his talk about the marvelous effects of the Polar night, of the northern lights, and the great seas of ice. Aided by many really beautiful photographs thrown in enlarged form on a screen, the auditors were able in a measure to follow the explorer with the eye as well as with the ear in his adventures. It is not often that one sees in New York so large an audience made up so evidently of people who are readers and thinkers; the difference between this audience and that at an average New York play was noticeable at a glance. There was throughout a quiet intentness of interest in speaker and narrative, broken frequently by hearty applause, and at the end the audience expressed its appreciation of lecture and lecturer in the most cordial fashion.

The genuineness of Nansen's enthusiasm for scientific research rather than for personal notoriety was constantly evident. He returned again and again to the attempt to show that all geographical exploration was worth while and had positive value, that the attempt to reach the Pole itself was incidental and of minor importance; and perhaps the only touch of pride in his own work was evident when he pointed on the map to the two almost parallel lines, one made before he

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started to show what he believed to be the direction of the ice-drift, the other the actual course of the Fram. In the demonstration of the general truth of his theory on this point and in that of the soundness of the modeling of the Fram he evidently took a sincere and just pleasure.

Our readers will find in Professor Emerson's article on another page some account of Nansen's life and achievements, together with personal impressions of the explorer as the writer of the article found him in his own country.

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The Spectator

Traveling in Norway, measured by American or even English standards, is not expensive. If one travels continuously, and stops at the best hotels, fees liberally, and makes no attempt either at extravagance or economy in rooms, it will cost him $10 a day—possibly even $12. On the other hand, he may find a perfectly comfortable hotel and secure in it a perfectly comfortable room, and, if he will forego travel and will rest a while in such a spot, his board would not cost him more than $1.50 or $2 a day, or even less. If he chooses to walk and carry his light luggage on his back, he can travel all over Norway, stopping always at the best hotels, for not over $5 a day, if so much. Generalizations are not altogether satisfactory; some specific illustrations will serve a better purpose. We drove over the mountains from Dalen to Odde, a drive of three days, a distance of 110 miles. We took a carriage and pair, the most expensive and of course the most comfortable method. By taking a *stolkjaerre* and one horse we should have economized in cash and made correspondingly increased expenditures in nerve and muscle. A trip for two, including fee to the driver, cost 85 kroner. A kroner is twenty-seven cents, American money. The three days' drive cost us, therefore, in round figures, $11 apiece. I stopped at a little inn at Ulefos, which I recommend as a resting-place to those who want a little absolute quiet. Part of the time I was the only guest. The hotel is the Aaheim, the proprietor a character, the table simple but good, the scenery pretty but not grand; the room was the best the house afforded, with a pleasant balcony overlooking the river. My bill, including all fees and tips, was a little ess than $2 a day. Three friends, ladies, stopped at a charmingly quaint inn, the Vikingvan, at Gudwangen—not, however, a favorable location for a long stay. When they arrived, they asked the price for a day: six kroner each. They stayed three days, and when the bill was made out the charge was five kroner each—pension rates. Adding fees, it would not exceed $1.50 apiece.

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The finest hotel we have seen in Norway, and probably the most expensive, is the Stalheim. It is 1,200 feet above the sea, at the head of a mountain defile; to the hotel all supplies, except butter, milk, cheese, and eggs, must be brought, at certainly considerable expense, from the valley below. A traveling acquaintance of our party had, in this hotel, a parlor and bedroom, with a private veranda commanding a superb view of the mountains and one of the grandest gorges in Norway. It cost him, for himself and wife, seven kroner—that is, $1.89 a day; of course this did not include the meals. I do not think that the Guide has ever paid more than three kroner each for our rooms; rarely has the room cost over two kroner each—that is, fifty-four cents. The average price for meals is one and one-half kroner for breakfast, two to three for dinner, one and one-half to two for supper—rarely the highest of these rates. But there are always fees to the waiters, the chambermaid, and the porter to be added, which bring the average hotel rates to $2 or sometimes $2.50 a day. If you do not take a meal, you do not pay for it. We have kept two rooms this rainy day at one hotel, while we have gone on for the night to another, to visit a neighboring glacier. We shall pay for our rooms forty cents apiece while we are gone—but that is all.

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There are few railroads in Norway: one of considerable length, running north and south from Trondjheim to Christiania, mainly along the eastern border; one, 120 miles long, from Christiania to Skien, the beginning of the Telemarken route; and a little piece of railroad running east among the mountains from Bergen, on the western coast, which is, in time, to be continued by the Government to Christiania. But the tourist generally travels either by steamer on the fjords and lakes, or by carriage. In either case he lives out-of-doors. As it appears generally to rain a little every

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day, and some days a great deal, the experienced tourist is equipped with waterproof from head to heel, and takes the rain and the sunshine with equanimity. There are no stage-coaches. The public conveyances are of three kinds: the victoria, the stolkjaerre, and the carriole. The victoria needs no description. For long drives it is by far the most comfortable method of travel. It is generally provided with a great waterproof hood or cover, which extends from the roof to and over an iron framework on the driver's seat, so that in stormy weather the traveler is perfectly sheltered from the rain—and equally from the view. We generally preferred to take the rain and get the view. The stolkjaerre is a two-wheeled wagon, drawn by one horse. A little perch behind serves the driver as a seat; sometimes he takes it out, hangs it under the wagon, and rides on the baggage. The reins, often of rope, pass between the two passengers, not, as in a hansom, over their heads. The largest baggage possible is a small-sized steamer trunk; good-sized Gladstone bags are preferable. The horse is generally not provided with either traces or breeching; he both pulls and holds back by the shafts.

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What with the peculiar wiggle-waggle which this method of harnessing gives to the vehicle, and the jolting motion which it possesses, like that of a village cart, a twenty-five-mile drive in a stolkjaerre may be cordially commended as an excellent form of Swedish movement cure, and, I should imagine, a nearly infallible specific for dyspepsia. As to the carriole, if I may judge from my first, and I hope my last, experience of it, it is of all vehicles invented by the art of man the most discomfortable.

Philosopher: There is no such English word as discomfortable.

Spectator: There is going to be. Uncomfortable is inadequate; it signifies unable to produce comfort; discomfortable signifies ability to produce discomfort; and that ability the carriole possesses in an eminent degree. The seat is, by actual measurement, a handbreadth above what little floor there is. There is the merest apology for either side or back. You sit, practically on the floor, with your legs alternately stretched out before you, or your knees curled up before you, as one or the other attitude grows wearisome. When the horse trots you are jolted up and down, with a feeling of great insecurity, the physical and intellectual exercise much resembling that of an awkward rider on a hard horse, without a saddle. You wonder what would happen to you if the pony should chance to shy or to stumble. Happily, the horse is either lazy or merciful—that is, this particular horse was—and was disinclined to trot, except down hill; and as the boy had no whip, it was difficult to persuade the steady little creature to quicken his pace. I remember seeing a carriole at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and being charmed with its lightness and simplicity. Just the thing for mountain roads, I said. And I believe I should have bought one, but for the reflection that the vehicle was absolutely unsocial, and I must always drive alone. For though there is a seat for the driver behind, it is intended only for a boy. An hour's ride, however, has quite sufficed to destroy the illusion and effectually work disenchantment.

Philosopher: Such is the difference between idealism and realism.

Spectator: Exactly. And the idealism is much to be preferred. It is very interesting to look at a carriole in an exhibition, but to ride in one over these Norwegian hills is quite another matter.

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In general, however, we find travel in Scandinavia very comfortable—much more so than we had anticipated. The Guide, Philosopher, and Friend went together to Stockholm while I rested quietly by the side of one of the rivers, along which, the next week, we were to take our way toward the coast. The Guide reports that the accommodations in the first-class sleeping-car, at no greater cost certainly than analogous accommodations in America, were vastly better. Instead of having a lower berth, separated from an unknown comrade over his head only by a mattress, and from the rest of his companions only by a curtain, he had a little room to himself. And the table, even on the smaller steamboats and in the little inns, is almost uniformly good; never bad, frequently excellent. If I were a housekeeper, and wanted, not a chef to furnish fancy dishes regardless of expense, but a cook to do good plain cooking with some regard to economy, I would go for her, not to England, France, or even Switzerland, but to Norway. The only, or at least the chief, drawback would be a somewhat monotonous routine of dishes.

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What Next?

By Leonard Woolsey Bacon

THE appetite of the public has been keenly stimulated, and its expectations aroused, by a long succession of recent discoveries of ancient documents, culminating a few weeks ago with the rescue, out of a rubbish-heap in Egypt, of a broken papyrus-leaf containing pages 21–22 of a hitherto unknown collection of "Sayings of Jesus." To go back not beyond the writer's own memory, there was the disclosure of the monuments and inscriptions of Nineveh by the Frenchman Botta, and Layard, the Englishman, and the long sequel of discoveries that have opened unknown chapters of an cient history and extended "the historic period" whole millenniums backward toward the beginning of the human race. In the same line of investigation came to light the monuments of the forgotten Hittite empire, with their embossed inscriptions hitherto unread, a standing challenge to the learned world.

The finding of the priceless "Sinaitic Manuscript" in the convent library of St. Catharine in 1844 has been followed, almost within a few months, by discoveries of only less importance to critical science. Rummaging among the neglected shelves of a convent library in Constantinople, Bishop Bryennius found, stitched between the leaves of less valuable manuscripts, the most important document outside of the canon of the New Testament for the illustration of primitive Christianity—"The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." A like search, by another Greek, among the monasteries of Mount Athos, had brought to light the work of Hippolytus, of the third century, against "All Heresies;" which was published in 1851.

What marvels have been disclosed in Egypt by scientific research and happy accident were too long to tell. It is enough for now to mention the detecting of a squad of mummied Pharaohs, including the great Rameses himself, in hiding in a cave at Deir-el-Bahiri; the finding of the thirty thousand fragments at Medinet-el-Fayum, of dates covering a thousand years, and the latest of them a thousand years old; the discovery of the Assyrian tablets at Tell-el-Amarna; the putting together, some eighteen months ago, of a papyrus fragment at Berlin and another fragment at the Bulak Museum, and making out of the two an official report of the trial of Herod Agrippa before the Emperor Claudius; and now at last the raking out of the rubbish-heap of a long-deserted town, in that strange climate in which nothing rots, of this priceless scrap of "Sayings of Jesus."

This is hardly more than a random list of some of the more memorable of the discoveries of the last half-century bearing on the study of the Scriptures. I have not mentioned the Moabite Stone nor the Siloam inscription; and I have purposely omitted the researches in Greece and Asia Minor which in our day have made such magnificent additions to our treasures of classic art. But just along the narrow line of Biblical illustration it is interesting to reflect upon the possibilities of the near future. The next discoveries may turn up in some unexpected quarter; it is the unexpected that generally happens in this matter. But there are three several sources to which it is reasonable to look for important materials for history and theology.

I. There are the recesses of *old libraries*. Perhaps it is not to be expected that these shall yield as freely for the next hundred years as for the last hundred or two hundred. Every few years something has been turning up like the "canon of Muratori"—scrap of paper found in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, in 1740, giving a list of the books of the New Testament as received by some unknown writer in the second century; or like the few priceless leaves of "The Teaching" hiding on the shelves of the convent at Constantinople. Scholars and librarians know the hopeful hunting-places for such hid treasures, and the Greek convents that crowd each other on Mount Athos have been searched again and again, and not in vain, by private travelers and government agents. It was hardly reasonable to expect more from the convent at Sinai, after Tischendorf's magnificent discovery, in 1844 and 1859, through the convent waste-basket, of the Codex Sinaiticus, and Mr. Rendel Harris's finding of the lost "Apology of Aristides," in 1896. But it is only five years since Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, by special favor, were admitted into unknown penetralia of that same library,

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where the most ancient Syriac manuscripts, unintelligible to the Greek monks, are packed away to molder—"a little room half-way up a dark stair, and a dark closet, approached through a room almost as dark, where they repose in two closed boxes, and cannot be seen without a lighted candle;" and from this inner darkness the two ladies brought forth in triumph the primeval Syriac palimpsest of the Gospels. This mine has been worked, but no one knows what nuggets are left in it.

One of the desiderata of scholars, now more than ever desired since the late find of "The Sayings," is the five books of Papias, written about the year 120, entitled "An Interpretation of the Sayings of the Lord." It is utterly lost, excepting some brief quotations in early writers. But it is not unlikely that there is a copy of it somewhere, if we could find it. The Benedictine monks at Canterbury seem to have had one in their library in the fourteenth century, and there was one at Nismes almost as lately. How many questions it would settle, and how many new questions it would raise, if we should come upon it! We may hear of it by cable, to-morrow.

The learned world is looking with keen expectation to know what Mr. Solomon Schlechter, of Cambridge, England, will come upon as he follows up his rummagings in the rubbish-rooms of ancient synagogues in the East, in which possible treasures of antiquity are hidden beneath multitudinous strata of later paper and parchment. Already in the "Sunday-School Times" he has told us of the beginnings of his search at Cairo, and some of the results of it. I am waiting to hear that from such place has been brought forth a copy of that Hebrew text of the Old Testament from which the Septuagint translation was made, and which, outside of the Pentateuch, varies so widely from the Old Testament as we have it. Long consecutive chapters of the Greek are not in our Hebrew, and *vice versa*. Already, in finding the Hebrew original of some of the Apocryphal books, we have come near to this. What may we not expect when Mr. Schlechter begins burrowing among the parchments of the synagogue at Bagdad? We have manuscripts of the New Testament of the fourth century. Our very earliest manuscript of the Hebrew Bible dates from no earlier than the eleventh century. Surely modern research can do better by us than this.

2. Excavations in *Egypt*. We have become accustomed to "wonders in the field of Zoan." Out of tombs and mummy-cases treasures of antiquity have come forth; and from the archives at Medinet-el-Fayum perfect official files of imperial Roman edicts and other papers have been taken, of which it has been said that Gibbon would have given all the rest of his library to be possessed. And now, to crown our wonder, this scrap of papyrus seventeen hundred years old is sifted out of a sand-heap, and is legible still. Henceforth, any discovery is possible in Egypt.

We shall have no right to be surprised when we open the morning paper and read that the explorers have come upon one or more of the many gospels that were written before the Gospel of Luke; two of these we already have—Matthew and Mark. But there were "many" of them, and Egypt is just the place to look for them. When the news comes, we shall only remark, "How strange that they have not found it before!"

3. *Herculaneum*. Pompeii yields us no books. An Italian sand-bank or ash-heap is not like an Egyptian one, and will not keep a quire of paper forever. But at Herculaneum the piles of ashes were wet down and hardened into rock, sealing up the contents of the city more secure from the corrosion of time than if they had been walled up in the central cell of a pyramid. The difficulty and cost of rock excavation has deterred from working at Herculaneum, while the work at Pompeii has gone on gayly. But Herculaneum is believed to have been a town of greater wealth and higher culture; and in the one important villa that has been explored a library of nearly two thousand books was found, all of them charred by that process of slow oxidation which the wise call "eremacausis." The learned world held its breath while the toilsome, uncertain, and at first unsuccessful work of unrolling them went on; and has been disgusted ever since at the bad taste of the collector of that library, who filled it with dull prose by third-rate Epicurean philosophers, with hardly a page that repays the toil of unrolling and deciphering. But the imagination kindles at the thought of what the very next house may contain. We may find, here at the home of Virgil, a contemporary copy of the Æneid—a *princeps editio* indeed. The lost decades of Livy may be waiting here, and the lost orations of Hortensius, the rival of Cicero; and who knows what treasures besides of classical literature and history? But this would perhaps not be

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all. The eruption of Vesuvius which embalmed the "cities of the plain," for the instruction of the later world, took place eighteen years after Paul, a prisoner, had landed on the shore of this very bay, on his way to be tried before Nero, and ten years after the Apostle's death. Nine years before, Jerusalem had fallen before the arms of Titus; and in 79, the year of the eruption, Titus had become Emperor. Shall we have any right to be surprised if, as the slow work of the quarryman unseals the secrets of house after house in Herculaneum, we get new light on the Neronian persecution, or on the capture of Jerusalem, or find a letter from Linus to the church at Puteoli, or an inedited epistle of Paul, or one of the "many" missing gospels referred to in the preface to Luke?

There is no good reason to doubt that Herculaneum will by and by be dug out. In an old number of the "Atlantic" (December, 1877) an American engineer gives a professional estimate of what it would cost—something like $4,000,000. It is expensive, but it is going to be done. The public or private munificence that has founded the schools at Athens, and unearthed Olympia and the marbles of Pergamum and the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and carried on the excavations in Egypt and Palestine and beside the Tigris and Euphrates, is not going to stick at this job.

Personal Impressions of Fridtjof Nansen

By Benjamin K. Emerson

Professor of Mineralogy and Geology at Amherst College

DR. NANSEN, whose present visit to this country has renewed the interest aroused by his remarkable book, "Farthest North," tells a characteristic story of youthful experience which illustrates the man and his training. He started north across the fjelds in winter, sleeping on the snow with his dog. His supply of food failed, and after long fasting he slid swiftly down a long slope on his ski to a solitary hut which seemed deserted. He found, however, simple food on the kitchen shelf, and while eating became conscious that he was watched by the hidden owners. He soon lured them from their hiding, and found the peasant woman and her children had fled in fear and concealed themselves because they had taken him for the wandering man of the mountains with the black dog, who haunt the forests of Norway. They parted the best of friends. It was such adventurous tramping as this, undertaken sometimes for hunting, sometimes for the pure love of the mountain solitudes, that fitted him for the work of Arctic exploration. When only twenty-seven years old, with but five companions, Norwegians and Lapps, he started from the inhospitable and uninhabitable east coast of Greenland, and, with his ski and with small sledges hauled by himself and his companions, crossed the continental ice which overspreads the whole surface of Greenland, to the Danish settlement on the west coast.

In this well-devised and well-executed trip across the inland ice of Greenland, as in his later voyage, he left no line of retreat behind. He saw the ship that had landed him sail away to Norway, and started west with entire confidence in the wisdom of his plans and in his capacity to carry them out.

Since, though a young man, he was already a trained scientific observer, the results of his journey were very important. To the geologist his account of the tramp was a most fascinating narrative. It was as if the report of a pilgrimage across the glacial ice which once covered New England and Canada had come down to us. This journey, and a voyage into the Arctic region, prepared him for the more important expedition from which he returned more than a year ago. He was well fitted for such work physically and intellectually. He had a thorough scientific education, having been long curator of the zoölogical collection at Bergen; an original investigator of marine life; and, later, Professor of Zoölogy at the University of Christiania.

He was familiar with working a ship in the ice, and with all forms of traveling over ice and snow. Being also in touch with many men in Christiania and Stockholm who had great experience in Arctic travel, as De Geer, Nathorst, and Nordenskjold, he was well prepared to absorb all the knowledge that had been gathered concerning the Arctic regions, and to appreciate the open questions still demanding solution. He was able to

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plan an attack on the unconquered ice with such foresight for all possible contingencies and such utilization of all favorable conditions as to compel success.

As in the Greenland trip, there was the bold confidence in the practicability of his plans and in his power to realize them, which impelled him to go forward without leaving open any line of retreat. He trusted himself, his ship, and his crew to the accuracy of his theories and the fullness of his preparations.

By a careful study of all the documents relating to the Arctic region, the direction of its currents, the set of the ice-floes, and the places to which articles of known origin had been carried in the northern waters, he reached the conclusion that currents must go from an area north of Siberia west across the Polar Sea. From a suitable point north of Siberia he drove his ship as far as possible into the Arctic ice-pack, to be carried with and by the ice across the inaccessible Paleocrystic Sea; and the currents carried him and his ship as he had expected. It was a scientific prevision based on an induction of the known facts, followed by experimental verification. He gathered and compared all the data available, and announced the probable existence of a westward current. This was not accepted by many who were well informed on the subject. He then put his ship in the way of this current, and thus proved its existence. This was the first important result of the expedition. The time of the journey was occupied by systematic observations, which have not been as yet published in full. Apparently the most valuable result, after the finding of the westward current, was the discovery that the Arctic Sea is a deep sea, and thus that it is probably unbroken sea and not occupied by any large land areas near the Pole. He was not concerned to reach the exact North Pole so much as to determine the climatic conditions of the extreme north, the directions of the ocean currents, the depth and temperature of the water, the character of the life on the ice and in the sea at different depths, and the presence or absence of land.

It is not an important matter to reach the Pole. It could satisfy only love of adventure and the desire to do what no one else has done. Even the older explorers were more influenced by the desire to find the Northwest Passage. But if new land could be found in the far north, it would throw light on the spread of geological formations and the evolution of climate, and so on the history of the earth; and the finding of deep and unbroken sea there is of almost equal geological interest because of the light it throws on the question of the early form and history of the earth. To know the direction of the currents and the temperature of the water at various depths would help to explain much that is not clear about the whole system of ocean currents and climates, and this would have practical value in the study of the tides and of the weather; and the presence or absence of life would be of great interest in itself in relation to the distribution and evolution of animals and plants, but would also supplement the knowledge gained about the set of currents.

The many new devices employed in the construction of the Fram and in the details of her equipment may also be enumerated among the important results of the expedition. Success depended in a great degree upon the foresight with which every contingency was anticipated, and this had been so well done that the voyage was really healthful and almost comfortable after the ship had become involved in the polar ice.

It was a great pleasure to the present writer to go over the Fram with Dr. Nansen at Ramburg last summer, and to have him point out all the peculiarities of the ship, with the reason for their adoption, and the way in which they worked in practice. She was being refitted to attempt, with her old captain, Sverdrup, the trip around the north of Greenland from the east and down through Baffin's Bay, thus taking advantage of the current setting to the west across the Arctic Sea, which had been discovered and utilized on her former voyage.

The Fram was a sturdy but not a graceful boat; her flat and keelless bottom gave no point of attack to the ice-floes, but had no hold on the water, and she was planned to battle with the ice rather than with the waves. One wondered at the solid timbering and the elaborate bracing of every part, and the strong iron girders binding the whole together. The massive rudder was skillfully hung in a well so that it could be raised like a centerboard when the ice closed in on the ship. We admired the way in which every inch of space was used, and the devices by which the cabin was made warm and dry. It was very difficult to prevent the moisture from congealing and accumulating upon the walls during the continuous cold weather.

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We felt that two things did much to make the voyage so pleasant and free from sickness: that Nansen and his officers messed together with the men, and that the Fram had electric lights to make their winter quarters bright and cheerful. Of course the modern food-preparations made their table more varied and wholesome than was possible to earlier voyagers. We were amused by the fact that what Nansen missed most on the long foot tramp was butter, and interested in the further fact that the explorers could not take cold in the Arctic region, there being no bacteria there, but got bad colds immediately on their return, having lost their immunity by long absence from civilization and bacteria. It was a pleasure to see Nansen go up the shrouds a hundred feet and climb into the barrel from which he had guided the boat through the ice so long. It gave a good idea of Nansen, a great strong boy, pleased with his ship and our admiration of it, and yet a trained athlete and a courtly gentleman at the same time. The tall, spare, broad-shouldered figure suggested power and endurance. The strong lines of his face, the heavy voice, and the quick, decided manner gave indications of one apt and accustomed to command and to be obeyed. It was a cordial and open nature that put everything at the disposal of his friends. We found him also a man of the widest interests and information. He explained to us the complex politics of Norway and Sweden (in which he is a great power) as enthusiastically as he had emphasized the strong points of the Fram. He thrilled us with an account of the most dangerous experience of his long travels over the ice toward the North Pole and back to civilization, when, as their boat broke loose and was drifting away from the ice-floe, Nansen threw himself into the water with his heavy clothing, and swam until his strength seemed wholly gone, and, regaining the ice by a last effort, sank wholly exhausted, but with the boat—without which they could not have gone forward—rescued and secured.

We steamed away from the veteran Fram in the graceful yacht which Nansen has named the Veslemöy, in allusion to the little daughter he left behind him during his long voyage. Brilliant scenes of Arctic sunset and northern lights adorn its cabin—scenes which were painted by Nansen himself in the Arctic region, and are accurately reproduced in his work. As we sailed through the beautiful fjords or drove across the country for geological study, we were surprised to see how Nansen was worshiped everywhere and by all classes. It was a generous and patriotic enthusiasm that claimed for old Norway—*Gamle Norge*—a share of the triumph over the icy north. Nansen himself, as a patriotic Norwegian, flies the "pure" Norwegian flag on his yacht—the red and blue, without the yellow band which marks the union with Sweden.

It was just the anniversary of that dramatic coincidence, the return of Nansen and the Fram at the same time, and we were told of the great celebration in all Norway, and especially in Christiania, on his arrival. Many times, as our party was driving together over sparsely peopled roads, our coming had been heralded, and flags were hung out and arches of evergreens were thrown over the way, the children were drawn up beside their schools, or the peasant women were gathered by the roadside with flowers to throw into his carriage. In one small town we sat at a dinner as elaborate as the little hotel would have furnished for the king, and a procession with a band of music and banners came and filled the garden before the hotel veranda where our meal was served. It was the union of the glass-workers of a neighboring factory, and all the people of the village accompanied it. Instrumental music alternated with the singing of Norwegian airs by a finely trained choir of male voices, and among the other songs given was one newly composed and dedicated to Nansen himself, the theme of which was Farthest North. All the musicians were workmen. Then Nansen spoke to them with the earnest patriotism and the touch of sentiment characteristic of his people, and their spokesman gave an address of welcome, and with many cheers the village folk left the garden and went back through their town, which was trimmed with all its banners and triumphal arches in honor of their hero.

We see thus that Dr. Nansen must be a man of exceptional and varied ability; able to command his ship in the stress of storm and the dangers of the ice-pack, and to win the affection and confidence of his crew of strong men; able as well to entertain his friends most royally on his yacht, and take his part in geological tramps; able to arouse the enthusiasm of an audience of workmen, and to appear as a valued and frequent guest at the court of his King. He lectures in Norwegian or Swedish at the University of

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Christiania; addresses his German audiences fluently in German; speaks in French before the Geographical Society at Paris; and was able with equal ease to express his acknowledgment on receiving the Doctor's degree at Oxford and Cambridge.

Aids to the Devout Life

V.—Keble's "Christian Year"

By Henry van Dyke

THE power of poetry to lend wings to truth is finely illustrated in the history of John Keble's "Christian Year."

The author was a clergyman of the Church of England. Born in 1792 in a quiet country vicarage at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, he received from his father not only an education in the classics which prepared him to take the highest honors at the university, but also the stamp of a spiritual character, a tone of mind, a temper of heart, which never changed nor faded in the heat and glare of the world's furnace. It was a gentle character, devout, reverent, retiring, conservative; but underneath its gentleness there was a foundation of rare courage and firmness.

At Oxford, whither Keble came in his fifteenth year, and where he remained until his twenty-fifth year, he was a marked man. In 1810 he took a double first in the school; and soon afterwards he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. But it was not so much the brilliancy of his scholarship or the power of his intellect that distinguished him, although these qualities gave him an unquestioned place among the able men who then made the Oriel Common Room the intellectual center of the University. Keble's mark was something different and deeper: a certain simplicity and serenity of spirit, a calm and steady fervor of faith, a profound attachment to the beauty of ancient ways, not for the sake of their antiquity, but for the sake of their reality, a poetic charm in his conception of religion, and a religious fragrance in his devotion to poetry—such traits as these were mildly luminous in his personality, and made him, as Henry Hart Milman said, "strangely unlike any one else." John Henry Newman, recalling his early experiences as an Oxford student, wrote: "When one day I was walking in High Street, with my dear earliest friend, with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble!' and with what awe did I look at him!"

Keble's character and temperament, the sentiments and convictions which he had received by inheritance and training from his father, made it impossible for him to follow the movement of the Early Oriel School, the "Noetic" School, as it has been called, in theology. Under the leadership of such men as Whately and Copleston and Hampden and Thomas Arnold, and with the intellectual sympathy of such men as Thirlwall and Milman, this school moved in the direction of a more liberal policy in the Church, a closer and more critical study of the Scriptures in the light of history, a more rational and philosophic interpretation of theology. Keble was a man to feel the inevitable dangers and defects of such a movement far more deeply than he could perceive its reasons, appreciate its logical necessity, or anticipate its ultimate result of good. He felt that some change in the condition of the English Church was needed. He was little satisfied with the mental and spiritual torpidity which characterized the old Tory party in religion, the men who advocated immobility in the Church because they disliked all motion and emotion. But he felt that the direction of the change should be backward and not forward. The rites and ceremonies of the Church must not be altered nor abandoned, but revived. Guidance must be sought from the early Fathers rather than from the Reformers. The power of tradition, of authority, must be invoked to solve the problems of theology, more than the power of reason; and the minds of men must be sobered and subdued by submission to ancient rules of faith and worship. Feeling thus, with all the gentle ardor and mild persistency of his nature, Keble became, not by his own choice so much as by the force of circumstances, the originator of that great reaction against liberalism and evangelicalism which was known as the Oxford or Anglo-Catholic movement, and in which Newman and Pusey were the most conspicuous public men.

Soon after his ordination in 1816 he left

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the University, and devoted his life to the work of a parish minister. For nearly twenty years he was his father's curate, and for thirty years he was the Vicar of Hursley. But from his quietude and seclusion he exercised a great and constant influence upon the development and cause of that party in the Church with which he had identified himself. He was in close connection with affairs at Oxford, and filled at different times the offices of Public Examiner and Tutor, and Professor of Poetry. His sermon before the University on "National Apostasy," in 1833, was regarded by Newman as the public start of the Anglo-Catholic movement. He was a contributor to that famous series of "Tracts for the Times" in which the sacramentarian theology of that movement was defended and disseminated. And after Newman's defection to the Roman Catholic Church in 1846, he shared with Pusey the leadership of Anglo-Catholicism.

But the name of John Keble will be best remembered and loved, not as the founder of a theological school, not as a leader in ecclesiastical conflict, but as the true poet who wrote "The Christian Year." And the truth to which his poetry lent wings was not the doctrine of a party, but the sweet and persuasive verity of spiritual religion. The conception and purpose of "The Christian Year" undoubtedly had a connection with the controversies which divided Oxford and the Church of England into warring camps, but the book itself rises out of the confused atmosphere of strife into a serener region. The purifying, uplifting, simplifying, illuminating power of poetry seems to reject and purge away the elements of darkness, of narrowness, of hostility. All that is precious and permanent in the forms of faith and worship emerges in new light and clearer beauty. Poetry not only lends wings to truth, but also discovers by a silent test the verities which are highest, purest, most enduring. It reveals to us, among our beliefs, those which are capable of soaring and singing.

"The Christian Year" was written at intervals during Keble's youth, and published in 1827, when he was living at Fairford as his father's curate. The purpose of the book, as explained in the preface, was to bring the thoughts and feelings of its readers "into more entire unison with those recommended in the Prayer-Book." It begins with two hymns, one for morning and one for evening; continues with a series of poems entitled after the successive days of the year as they are marked in the Liturgy; and closes with some poems adapted to the occasional services of the Church of England. This plan of composition has its advantages for a manual of devotion intended for the members of a particular communion. There is something soothing, tranquilizing, and attractive in the very idea of a regular and smoothly modulated musical accompaniment which follows the prescribed course of a ritual of devotion through the changing seasons of the year. Doubtless this attraction has had its influence in winning readers for the book.

But this alone would not account for its really world-wide acceptance, for its publication in more than a hundred editions of thousands of copies, for the welcome it has found with multitudes of readers to whom the English Prayer-Book is unfamiliar. To many such readers the plan of composition must have seemed to be a limitation, a drawback. Indeed, it may be questioned whether all who look at the book from a poetical point of view do not recognize in its formal structure and arrangement a disadvantage, a source of weakness and unevenness, a hindrance to perfection in poetic work. The Church year is not the natural year; the ecclesiastical seasons do not always correspond with the seasons of the earth, or of the heart; it is not possible to fit the variable experiences and feelings of life into an unvarying series of Saints' Days; nor can a true subject for a poem always be found in some verse or phrase taken from the Scripture Lesson appointed for the day. The attempt to make the Muse observe the Church Calendar, earnestly and sincerely as Keble strove for it, was not altogether a gain to his poetry. There is a marked inequality in his work. Often his inspiration is so genuine, so spontaneous, that it lifts him to noble imagination, clear thought, lucid and faultless expression. But sometimes there is an evident effort in his writing, all the more disturbing because it is so conscientious; his feeling is clouded by what may be called a sincere formality; his meter labors and limps; his diction becomes obscure, vague, difficult. Some of his verses, in short, are like artificial ponds set in a landscape garden, whose waters are neither deep, nor fresh, nor clear. But others are like small mountain lakes, fed by fountains of living water, pure, profound, and translucent in all their luminous depths.

These genuine poems in "The Christian

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Year" are not really dependent for their effect upon their titles or their setting in the series. Indeed, I think they actually gain something when we see them apart and appreciate them for themselves alone. Read, for example, the selections from Keble which are given in Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song," without titles, or with new names which simply express their subjects. They seem to me to make their poetic and spiritual impression far more directly and deeply than when they appear under such titles as "The Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity" or "The Third Sunday after the Epiphany."

The charm of Keble's best poetry lies chiefly in its purity, its serenity, its deep transparency of thought and feeling, its calmness of expression, its consoling spirit. His theory was that "the utterance of high or tender feeling, controlled or modified by a certain reserve, is the very soul of poetry." His imagination is illuminating rather than creative; in this he differs from Henry Vaughan, to whom in many things he is so near of kin. Of fancy, and of that striking, inventive power of expression which usually goes with fancy, he has little or nothing; in this he differs from his brother preacher-poet, George Herbert. In broad, buoyant, vigorous emotion, such as finds an utterance in the noblest hymns, wherein we hear the sound of many voices triumphantly praising God, Keble was deficient; he was too reflective, too secluded in spirit, to be among the great hymn-writers. Keble's real master in poetry—though he himself gave the highest praise and admiration to Scott among the moderns—his real master was Wordsworth. That clear and tranquil vision, that meditative look into the heart of things which Wordsworth turned upon common life, upon the characters and stories of peasants, upon the outward shores of Nature, Keble turned upon the services of the Church, the ordinances of religion, the narratives of the Bible. He perceived and revealed in them the poetic meaning and the soul of beauty. To him the prophets and patriarchs and apostles were real men, and he translated their stories into the language of personal experience. Take for illustration his poems on Elijah, on the Disobedient Prophet, on the Conversion of St. Paul, on St. Andrew. Sometimes, it must be admitted, his paraphrases of the Scripture suffer by comparison with the simplicity and strength of the inspired original. But often he casts a ray into the story that illuminates it with a new light. How exquisite is the touch with which he describes Daniel praying in Babylon,

> His lattice open towards his darling west,
> Mourning the ruined home he still must love the best.

How profound is the insight with which he speaks of

> Lazarus wakened from his four days' sleep,
> *Enduring life again*, that Passover to keep.

In the close observation of Nature Keble is not Wordsworth's equal, and yet the two poets have much in common, both in spirit and in method. Keble takes notice of such slight, significant things as the power of a breath of cold air to kill the scent of the violet, of the bright thread of green that marks the course of a spring trickling down the heath-clad hill, of the clear note of a solitary bird ringing through the hush that precedes the thunder-storm in a summer noon. How patient and loving is the skill with which he paints an autumnal morning:

> The morning mist is cleared away,
> Yet still the face of heaven is gray,
> Nor yet the autumnal breeze has stirred the grove;
> Faded yet full, a paler green
> Skirts soberly the tranquil scene;
> The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

The poem entitled "To a Snow-Drop" (which is assigned to Tuesday in Easter week) is one that Wordsworth himself might have written. The delicacy of the opening stanzas is perfect:

> Thou first-born of the year's delight,
> Pride of the dewy glade,
> In vernal green and virgin white
> Thy vestal robes arrayed;
> . . . . . .
> 'Tis not for these I love thee dear:
> Thy shy averted smiles
> To Fancy bode a joyous year,
> One of Life's fairy isles.

And then the closing stanzas—how deep they go, how they sink inward to the roots of life!

> O guide us, when our faithless hearts
> From Thee would start aloof,
> Where Patience her sweet skill imparts
> Beneath some cottage roof;
>
> Revive our dying fires, to burn
> High as her anthems soar,
> *And of our scholars let us learn*
> *Our own forgotten lore.*

It is true that Keble is more sensitive to the sympathetic aspect of Nature than to her sublime aspect. He expresses the sense of her consolations far more frequently and more perfectly than he expresses the sense of awe in her presence. And yet there are some passages in which he rises to sublimity; for

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example, where he speaks of God as making us stand like Elijah on Mount Horeb,

to see
The outskirts of His march of mystery;

or, again, in that noble description of the ascension of Christ:

And homeward to Thy Father's throne,
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowy car went soaring on:
They tracked Thee up the abyss of light.

In the forms of verse Keble shows a decided preference for those meters which are smooth, regular, sedate, and quiet in their flow. When he tries a quicker and lighter movement, as in the verses for the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, he does not succeed so well. He finds his best expression either in the perfect simplicity of the four-line common-meter stanza, like

Oh! say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats
And cannot reach the strain;

or in the fuller and more solemn cadences of one of those verse-forms which Wordsworth loved so much, where the last line is prolonged in lingering music and filled with far-reaching thought, like the lovely poem on the withheld completions of life:

There are, who darkling and alone
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only show
The secret of their unknown woe;
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain:
"Only disperse the cloud," they cry,
"And if our fate be death, give light and let us die."

Unwise I deem them, Lord, unmeet
To profit by Thy chastenings sweet,
For Thou wouldst have us linger still
Upon the verge of good and ill;
That on Thy guiding hand unseen
Our undivided heart may lean,
And thus our frail and foundering bark
Guide in the narrow wake of Thy beloved ark.

Keble's philosophy of life was very simple. It was in effect a form of Christian mysticism. Perhaps he would have rejected that name. But, at all events, his way of thinking and the results of his thought were at the farthest remove from rationalism. Newman has stated it, with a slight touch of the controversial spirit (such as he often gave), in the word which he puts into quotation marks. "Moral truth is gained by patient study, by calm reflection, silently as the dew falls—unless miraculously given—and when gained it is transmitted by faith and by 'prejudice.' Keble's book is full of such truths which any Cambridge man might refute with ease."

And what are these truths as they are expressed in the poetic language of "The Christian Year"? They are such truths as the certainty and sufficiency of the divine revelation, the duty of humility and submission to the dealings of Providence, the sacramental character of Nature in which the invisible things of God are seen by the pure in heart, the blessedness of obedience to God's law, the beauty of a self-sacrificing life, and the certainty of its reward in heaven. Keble's poetry breathes a soothing, subduing, tranquilizing spirit. Its general effect is like one of those landscapes in the heart of England where peace and quietness seem to brood over the green meadows, the rounded hills, the distant woods, and the homes of men, clustered, as if for shelter and security, around the gray, ivy-mantled tower of the ancient house of God. There are other strains in his poetry, I admit—strains of rebuke, of warning, of conflict; but still this is the general impression—an impression of tenderness, of calm, of restfulness and confidence—the impression of a consoling landscape. And above there shines the unfading, undeceiving light of a better world in which all the sorrows and sufferings of the faithful shall be rewarded.

If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

Much of Keble's religious power comes from the intensely personal feeling that he has towards the Lord Jesus, and the directness and tenderness with which he expresses it. In this he is like some of the Latin hymn-writers, for example St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and like some of the earlier English sacred poets. How profoundly does he enter, also, into the consolation of the Cross and the comfort of the Atonement! In his poem on the Crucifixion he touches the very deepest secret of the power which Christianity has had upon the hearts of men:

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

And then in the closing stanzas he utters, as far as human words can express it, the innermost mystery of Christian faith:

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent!
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie;
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent;

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Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears;
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by cares and hopes and fears
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home;
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.

The attraction of the Cross has always been the most tender and potent and intimate charm of the religion which finds its center in the person of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, the Divine Redeemer who died for us that we might live in Him. This attraction breathes through Keble's poetry as a spirit of sweetness and light, drawing the heart as to a hidden place of rest. Much as we feel the beauty of his view of Nature, in which we recognize the sympathetic insight and the interpretative power of the true poet; quickly and gratefully as we respond to the tenderness and truth with which he speaks of the human affections, the ties of blood and friendship, the joys of the true home life, and the blessedness of

the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure,

we feel that there is something still more precious in "The Christian Year." There is the music of a Gospel which promises pardon and rest to all sinful, weary souls through the Saviour who loved them and gave himself for them. There is a singing hope of utter forgiveness and perfect peace for all who will lean upon the finished and abiding sacrifice of Christ, who is the Immortal Love. Yes, for all, even for the weak, the doubtful, the perplexed, who do not fully understand its meaning. For this is the message that the spirit of sacred poetry looses from Keble's heart, and to which it lends wings to fly above the dust and turmoil of contending schools and parties in religion. *Beati qui non viderunt.* Nothing in "The Christian Year" is more beautiful, nothing more truly reveals the reason why it is a book so much beloved, than the last stanzas of the poem on St. Thomas, the Doubter:

Is there on earth a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the Lord?
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake?
Read and confess the Hand Divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line.

For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do His will.
Though vexing doubts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;
Soon will He show thee all his wounds, and say,
"Long have I known thy name—know thou my Face alway."

Summer Brook Farm

By Herbert Ernest Cushman, Ph.D.

SUMMER BROOK FARM has certainly attained distinction enough to place it quite beyond any experimental and curious interest. Its personal following can be said now to number about one hundred people, and to include all those who have been members of it at one time or another. It has had potent, although indirect, influence on the communities of summer people which gather in its vicinity, as well as upon those who come from near and far to visit it. It has a larger public in those who are reading the turbulent present time in search of better things. Summer Brook Farm is named "in affectionate commemoration" of the old Brook Farm in West Roxbury, although it has come to be called simply "Summer Brook." It may be said to be like the old Brook Farm only in this one particular—to wit, that all the members work. The founder and promoter, Miss Prestonia Mann, has not attempted to solve the social question by this community, because the time for associative experiments is past. The community is carried on in the summer only, and the entire plant is owned by Miss Mann.

A long, rough drive of twenty miles up into the Adirondacks from the little station on Lake Champlain, where contending stage-drivers almost devour you, brings you—if you pass through Elizabethtown and then turn aside at Chase's just before the road reaches Keene—to the foot-hills of Mount Hurricane. Here, within hailing distance of each other, are a summer hotel, Mr. Thomas Davidson's Summer School of Philosophy, and Summer Brook Farm. As your buckboard makes the turn the road that brings you into full view

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Summer Brook Farm, the two log houses, surrounded with their gardens, look like a bit of stage scenery, such as one might expect in Tennyson's "Foresters."

You are at first disappointed with the place; then you are impressed with its beauty in two ways. In the first place, you feel the exquisite mountain setting in foreground and background; then the beauty of the buildings themselves grows upon you. If this be Nature's stage scenery, you say, Nature is a dramatic artist and you desire no other reality. Cottage, mountain, and sunset are of such strangely wondrous coloring that you in your new delight are inclined to become a new-school impressionist, or a disciple of the yellows and purples of the modern poster. Summer Brook Farm has been placed in so æsthetically strategic a spot as to command the beauties of the Keene Valley in every direction.

Now, if Summer Brook Farm has picturesque surroundings, it in itself is equally unique. It has three buildings. One is a thatched barn; the second is a beautiful Swiss chalet; the third is the famous log house and its immense room. The barn and the chalet need not occupy our attention here. The barn covers Aristophanes, the community donkey, and is partly used as a carpenter's shop; the chalet is arranged to shelter the majority of the members of the community. The log cabin, with its wondrous room, however, is worthy a longer study to those who are interested in the details of the life of Summer Brook Farm. One might describe the buildings of the community as the big room, and the remainder of the buildings. The log cabin has, of course, kitchen, washroom, porch, sewing-room, and other rooms necessary to feed and shelter twenty or more people. The big room, however, from the point of view of a member of Summer Brook Farm, has its own value. Imagine a room forty-three feet long by twenty-eight feet wide—if you desire vulgar figures; imagine it rising thirty-six feet into the rafters of the roof—such rafters as by day cast the shadows of the sun upon the walls, and by night throw the shadows of the firelight upon the roof; imagine the walls of this mediæval manor to be built of huge logs, the upper logs being the length of the building. Then, if by your imagination you put into your picture the door, with its leaded windows, and opposite the door a huge chimney, with its fireplace depressed two steps below the floor, and at one end of the room a fourteen-foot plate-glass window which frames, as it were, the mountains and valley before it, then you have some idea of the room. Finish your picture by imagining the rustic stairs leading to the rooms to the rear, and the prodigality of decorations taken from the mountain, field, and forest. This is the "big room" at Summer Brook Farm.

It is natural to suppose that at Summer Brook Farm everything is subordinated to the family life. The purpose and end of the community is the instruction of its individual members in the community of their individual ends. Of course the attempt is not to crush out the individual life, but to enhance it by making the end a more generous end. The family life and the differing characteristics of its members are usually of great interest to outsiders. "How do you get on together?" "Do you really work at all these things and not quarrel?" One gentleman, an Englishman, saw us at the washing, and said: "You people are always chaffing each other, and yet you don't seem to get angry. I think you are the best-natured lot I ever saw." Another said: "You Summerbrookers do not work, but you have one continuous spree. Work ought to be drudgery. You do not make it such."

During the past summer the community varied in numbers from ten to twenty-five. The members are city folk, and, so far as personal appearance goes, are not different from the people in any fashionable summer resort. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Chicago Universities are represented; the old Brook Farm has a distinguished representative; several members are excellent musicians, and one a professional; one member is a lecturer, and one a novelist; many have been wide travelers; several are so-called society people; one is a physician, one a lawyer, several are business men, etc., etc. England, Russia, Bulgaria, California, New York, Nebraska, Massachusetts, Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, the District of Columbia, and Iowa, come together at Summer Brook Farm. The members, therefore, bring to a common end a variety of gifts. All seem to be in earnest, and there are no cranks among them. All are Socialists or interested in some phase of Socialism.

Monday is washing-day, and all gather at the machines. The work is done largely by hand machines, and the work is distributed with care. The men do the hard physical

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labor; the women do the feeding and directing of the machines. The scene is one of great enthusiasm, and the songs from the washers send the otherwise laborious work on to an easy completion. The washing of the community amounts some days to thirty dozen pieces, or fifteen dollars' worth, and is done usually in two hours. Washing-day is a gala day at Summer Brook, and is often seized upon by strangers as the day to see the community at work. Upon the other days the labors of the community are divided among different tasks. Tuesday and Wednesday the women iron, and on every day, at quarter past one, except Monday, they have their sewing-class in the large sewing-room. The women have charge of the tables, the dishes, the decorating and caring for the common rooms. Every member of the community has charge of his or her own room. The work of the men in the community is legion. The Bulgarian, the piano-tuner, and the philosopher have been making a path through the woods, a bridge over the brook, and stiles for the fences. The economist and the novelist have been hoeing the corn-patch, the traveler and the merchant have been gathering the berries, the professor has been painting the barn, the physician has been making a table, the teacher for the deaf and dumb has been caring for the donkey and going for the mail, and the Jewish rabbi has been waiting on the table. There are the innumerable other tasks waiting members of a household, and the work changes every day. Besides the care of his room, each member is expected to do at least two hours' work every day, but many work from choice four or five hours. All the work of the community is done by the members except the cooking. Thus the community provides for its own fruit and vegetables, and the expense of board for each member for the week ending August 19 was $2.99, and the expense for the week previous was $2.94. Saturday evening is usually given up to the young people, and a dance in the big room fittingly closes the week of work. Sunday is usually a very quiet day. The necessary work of the community must be performed, but so far as possible it is a day of rest. On other evenings the community gathers around the fireplace in the big room for lectures on some philosophical or economic subject; and usually Miss Mann entertains the community by playing from some of the great masters.

The new member of Summer Brook Farm comes to it with many fears which his traditions and prejudices have aroused against certain parts of the work. The idea of washing one's own clothes frightens most people. To wash the dishes, to beat a carpet, to care for a donkey, to work in the dirt, is associated in many minds with the menial. The most of the community do not do these things at home. The initiate, therefore, wonders if he can do them at Summer Brook Farm, and his beginnings are often made with his prejudices lying like a lump in his stomach.

It may be truly said that Summer Brook Farm is an educational institution in that it somehow inspires its members with a new view of labor. The dilettante, the theorist, the scholar, each not only conquers his aversion to it, but also grows enthusiastic over it. When a party of the members took a drive one day and mounted the steps of a summer hotel for dinner, one of the number looked around at the idle, aimless—may I say homeless?—people upon the hotel veranda and said, "I wonder if these people know that we have washed thirty dozen pieces this morning!" It would be vain to think that any institution will ever overcome the physiological inertia of the human frame, but it can be hoped that such an institution as Summer Brook Farm will overcome the *prejudices* to such labor. During the three years of the existence of the community, Miss Mann has attempted only to influence the people who have come to the community to a larger sympathy with the larger portion of humanity.

This brief sketch of this unique community would not be complete without further mention of its founder and central figure, Miss Prestonia Mann. Miss Mann is well known in musical circles as a pianist, in literary circles as the editor of the "Fabian," and in political circles as an ardent Socialist. It is to her tact, enthusiasm, and benevolent purpose that the great success of the community is due. In some words of her own, which she printed recently, she expressed the hope that other like summer communities would be inaugurated, and recommended this: "Maintain your leadership with a reasonable amount of tact, self-control, patience, and cheerfulness, and you will be abundantly repaid by the sight of the health and happiness, the probable notable, perhaps even remarkable, moral and physical strengthening in the members of your family, as well as by your own personal increase in character and energy, which the very act of leadership will bring upon you."

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The Christmas Book

By Emily Howland Leeming

IT was a large family, with many wants, which made Christmas a trying time to those who had short memories and good intentions, and they were constantly button-holing each other in corners and in the depths of easy chairs or of exciting novels, to say, "Now, Tom, my dear, what do you really want? I've got Fiske's 'Critical Period' for Sally, and I want to know whether you'd rather have Stevenson's 'Inland Voyage' or a pair of slippers?"—only to learn afterward that Sally was the one suffering for dainty dancing-slippers, and that Tom just needed the "Critical Period" to complete his historical set.

It was trying, to say the least, and only the Little Mother seemed to find any solution of the question, for she divined needs before they were uttered, and went about quietly to supply them in a way that Little Mothers have, that belongs to no one else.

But at last, after years of unnecessary exertion, the problem was solved for them all by means of a "Christmas Book." The Artist invented it, and one night brought it down and hung it in the library, where they were all seated back to back, the girls doing hidden bits of fancy-work, and the boys snatching secretive glances at the pages of certain new books, which were meant for other people, but which have proved too tempting to be left tied up with paper and string in bureau drawers.

This Christmas book was a small volume, with a red Santa Claus on the cover and the following motto—"Step right up, children;" while inside was a page for each member of the family, cleverly decorated with a stocking, done in India ink, supposably representing the owner's taste in foot-gear.

Underneath these head-pieces were written gradually by the different members of the family, with the pencil which the Artist thoughtfully attached by a long ribbon, the numerous "wants" which annually visit human beings at Christmas-time; and, lo! the Christmas shopping was simplified, since needs were known and could be supplied; and when Christmas morning came, the bona-fide stockings held many of the real things from the lists over which the pictured stockings had presided.

No hesitation whatever was felt about demanding in this impersonal way anything, large or small, possible or impossible, which any one wanted; and one of the chief charms of the little series of Christmas books thus inaugurated is the entire freedom of expression given therein of individual desires, though it is needless to state that oftentimes the matter ended there, and those who asked for too much furniture or china or wearing apparel were sometimes disappointed, or to say that many a jest crept in among the bundles on Christmas morning. Books of all kinds were represented, from opera scores, essays, histories, and novels to prosaic "Accounts," while of pictures and other small "articles of bigotry and virtue" there was no end.

For this first small and simple book became the precursor of five others in succeeding years, some of which proved much more elaborate in design and execution.

The cover of the second book at Christmas-time in the following year bore a wintry landscape in a wreath of holly above the date, and within, after the manner of Mr. Francis's delightful drawings, a series of Aztec fragments, in which some personal characteristic of each member of the family was displayed. The Little Mother was represented as tightly swathed in Egyptian-like garments, knitting a long and apparently endless stocking; the Elder Sister fiercely instructing two squatting figures in Bible history by means of a most archaic map of Palestine; Bessie approaching an ancient temple of learning, whose proportions were scarcely greater than her own; the Architect, in scanty raiment, forcibly urging his stiff-necked workmen to their labor; the Pater telling an oft-repeated story to his dozing family; and the Artist worshiping with uplifted arms an antique vase guaranteed to be one thousand years old at least. Every one knows how delicious such bits of humor are to those who recognize in them the expression, however exaggerated, of their daily doings and natural tendencies.

In the third year came a charming little book with pen-and-ink illustrations, after the fashion of the queer New England Primer woodcuts, and with appropriate rhymes framed upon the same antique model:

Ye Pater mild
Spareth ye rod
And spoils ye child.

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And for the Little Mother:

Her only creed
To succor need
With kindly deed.

Bessie at the piano:

Through being bid
And sometimes chid
She knew her duty,
And she did.

As for the Artist himself, he was married by this time, and two woodeny figures, hand in hand beside an impossible Christmas-tree, represented him with his wife, with the suggestive verse:

Marg'ret and Bob,
That lovely pair,
One gift for both
Will not be fair.

With another year came another wedding; the Elder Sister went to a home of her own, and her husband, the Doctor, took his place in the Christmas book, demanding Patients with impatience; and the size of the book was further increased by a leaf added for the Artist's baby daughter. On each page this time small photographs of each member of the family appeared in delicate oval frames with adapted quotations, while scattered about by the Artist's clever fingers were little symbols of character—the Baby's toys, the Mother's lullaby, hearts for the Bride, and bottles for her Doctor; and pink roses on Bessie's page, with the words, "'Tis now the summer of your youth."

In the fourth book a delightful scheme of Posters followed, painted on white cardboard, and tied up in a small, stiff brown linen portfolio with leather backs and corners. The Artist at his painting; the Musician, gorgeous as to yellow and black, playing in an "Anglo-Saxon attitude;" two Mothers with Babies—one in red and white, the other in purple and green; Bessie, now the College Girl with cap and gown, large in the foreground, with diminutive buildings in the near distance—all lent themselves happily to the design, and made the little portfolio seem the gem of the series.

The Doctor sat at his office table, recommending soothing syrups and pills, and his wee new daughter had her wants voiced by her mother in seductive rhyme:

A worldly-minded little babe
Might think it very hard
To have no coach and rug of fur
Upon the Boulevard.

But my dear parents do not ask
For luxuries like these;
Instead, some kindergarten balls
To train my faculties.

My mother sighs that I have not
A brush to smooth my hair.
What vanity to mourn for, when
There isn't any there!

Some babes would like a rattle or
An india-rubber toy,
And some would find in sachet-bags
A source of purest joy.

But all I ask, like other babes
Whose proud ambitions shock me,
Are a gentle dad to walk the floor,
And a mother who will rock me.

Still, as heretofore, the little book was hung in the library of the old home, accessible to all those who, though separated by new pleasures or duties, still loved to gather round the fire on its hearth to share plans, hopes, and memories as in the days gone by, and who still wrote down with the old freedom their new wants and wishes, born of their new circumstances or needs.

There is but one more Christmas book of which to tell. It is a piece of water-color paper, folded in three, bearing in an outside oval the legend "The Babies' Christmas." Beneath stands the ever-beloved tree and three small toddlers hand in hand; for the Artist's little daughter had a "Brother Boy" to share her pleasures, and the family chose to give this Christmas-time entirely to the children, as representative of the new generation which will in its turn love and honor the blessed day and join in faith and charity around the Christmas-tree.

Look inside and behold across the top of the three pages the stately march of houses and trees, men, women, and animals, taken directly from Noah's Ark and the Dutch Village. Gaze upon the sessile cat, the boorish pig, and the gentle cow, and mark the attitudes of urgent appeal, of renunciation or remonstrance, assumed by the figures. Could anything be more charming or more unlifelike? The babies' wants of "Something to dwag," "A little chair," "A silver cup," or "A vocabulary," are very different from those of the years preceding, when Paterfamilias would demand "A country house" and "A yacht" at one and the same time, and when "Dress suits" got mixed up with "Trips to Florida," and "Silver-backed brushes" with sets of books, and mark a change which comes sooner or later to us all, when we begin to give more than we take, and to think, sometimes perforce and sometimes by grace, more of others than of ourselves.

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending October 29. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

In *What Maisie Knew* Mr. Henry James maintains his usual subtlety of analysis, but loses, one feels, his usual distinction of manner. He has chosen an eminently unpleasant subject. The pitiful little girl, Maisie, is handed back and forth from divorced father to divorced mother, and sees both of them marry again, and both once more prove unfaithful to their new relations; her young imagination and intelligence are constantly directed by force of circumstances to the study of the meaning of all this. We will not say that the study is not a truthful one, but it is certainly not an agreeable one. Moreover, the book is tedious. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

Many of our readers will remember with pleasure Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," one of the best of the modern school of "touch-and-go" romances. His new novel, *Lawrence Clavering*, is a tale of the Jacobites and the disastrous attempt of 1715. As a historical novel it does not compare with Mr. Besant's charming and too little known "Dorothy Foster," which deals with the same subject, but as a story of personal adventure it is original in plot and is well written. The continued depression of the imaginary narrator, who is put in a cruel strait between love and duty, has at times a corresponding effect on the reader; the gayety and dash of Mr. Mason's first novel are not here. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The Story of Ab, by Stanley Waterloo, is, as the sub-title tells us, "a tale of the times of the cave-men." What is noteworthy is, not that the author has with scientific accuracy told how the cave-men lived, hunted, and fought, but that he has, with true art instinct, made out of all this a background for the action of living individual characters. Thus to make the human interest supreme and the dramatic element intense in a book of this general description is indeed a triumph. (Way & Williams, Chicago.)

Mr. W. J. Dawson, without in any way imitating Ian Maclaren, has recorded, in a somewhat similar form, the simple annals of an English village. *Thro' Lattice-Windows* makes us acquainted with the old English village of Barford very much as "A Window in Thrums" makes us acquainted with that little town, and "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" with Drumtochty. Mr. Dawson had similar elements to deal with—elements of humor and of pathos—and he has used them with very considerable success. It cannot be said that his characterizations have the keenness of insight which Barrie displays, nor have they quite the effectiveness which has given Dr. Watson's sketches their wide popularity; but they have their own quality of close observation, quietness of temper, and an attractiveness of style. The humor of the English village is mixed with the pathos of its life, and the fact that the two flow together so harmoniously gives these sketches an impression of lifelikeness and veracity. The volume is small, but there is first-hand work in it. It deserves far more attention than many of the larger and more pretentious books of the year. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

From the same publishers comes a readable volume of *True Detective Stories*, by Cleveland Moffett, based on records in the archives of the Pinkertons. These stories have been widely read in the pages of "McClure's Magazine," and as specimens of good reporting they are well worthy of being read in book form. The love of man for the mysterious is by no means unwholesome, and the gratification of it is in no sense unhealthy. The stories point no moral except the ultimate futility of all sorts of criminal enterprises, but they afford a vast amount of entertainment by the ingenuity which comes out in them, and by the unexpected turns which the stories often take; for Mr. Moffett has had the skill to give his narratives the quality of fiction, and to excite the curiosity of the reader precisely as the short-story writer would excite it.

The Man Who Was Good, by Leonard Merrick, deals with the hard experiences of a woman worker on the stage, as a book agent, a companion, etc., and of her sad love story. The book has, with many obvious defects, a fair amount of directness and truth

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ful reflection of life. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)——*Free to Serve*, by Emma Rayner, is a tale of New York in the early part of the last century. When the author fairly gets her story going, it has originality and interest, but the first third of the book moves very slowly, and the talk of the characters is stilted and diffuse. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

Dead Selves, by Julia Magruder, has too much of "the passionate strains of longing and regret and renunciation" (to quote a single phrase). One feels that the author is not always writing in a natural key. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

A Little House in Pimlico, by Marguerite Bouvet, illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is the story of a struggle between the will of an old man and that of a young man, and, of course, ends, as all such stories should, in the triumph of righteousness.

The Hermit of Nottingham is a somewhat amateurish story by Dr. C. C. Abbott. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.) The author has a very considerable knowledge of nature, and writes very pleasantly in his own field; that field, however, is not fiction.

A novel in which happiness comes to neither saint nor sinner has been written by Mary E. Mann, entitled *The Cedar Star*. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.) The story has a strong plot, well worked out to an unpleasant ending.

A dreary book entitled *Stories from Italy*, by G. S. Godkin (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), has nothing to recommend it but the beauty of description of Italy.

Irish Idylls, by Jane Barlow, illustrated by photographs taken by Clifton Johnson, which bring vividly before the reader the scenes and types of character in the Lisconnel district, is reserved for notice in our Holiday Book Number. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

In Search of a Religion, by Dennis Hird, is destructively a strong book, constructively a weak book, and, strong or weak, an interesting book. It is the story of a rich young Oxford graduate, who, when hesitating whether or not he should enter the Church, meets, in East London, a young woman he had known in society, who is trying to live as Christ lived. This young woman's character is finely drawn, and she remains to the end beautiful and attractive—the only character in the book who really has any religion. The contrast between her following of Christ outside of the Church and the professed following of Christ by exalted ecclesiastics within the Church is often very effective. Her religion has the inspiring quality. For the rest, however, the religion of the characters is about as soulless as they conceive the universe about them to be. Analogies between the religious experiences of converts and the emotions of people in the hypnotic state are treated as evidence that no direct work of God is now going on in the souls of men; and the novelist, to strengthen his position, makes a skeptical hypnotist convert a large number of people from their sins into the leading of a new life. This is one of the things that should occur in real life before it is pardonable in a novel. With equally easy assumption the author makes his hero reform a large community by transferring them from London slums to his rural philanthropy. The practical difficulties, he complacently says, all disappeared when the plan was tried. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

The latest volume in the International Critical Commentary is *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles to the Ephesians and to the Colossians*, by the Rev. T. K. Abbott, B.D., D.Litt., formerly Professor of Biblical Greek, now of Hebrew, Trinity College, Dublin. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The Commentary is announced in the preface to be primarily philological. Such a commentary is of great value, but does not equal in value one which is both philological and more broadly interpretative. We miss from this volume the larger treatment which in some measure characterized Professor Moore's Commentary on Judges, and in still larger measure the valuable but too little known Commentaries of Jowett on certain of Paul's Epistles.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott has published, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston), a series of papers which appeared last winter in The Outlook under the title of *The Theology of an Evolutionist*. The work is a companion to two of the author's books, "The Evolution of Christianity" and "Christianity and Social Problems," published by the same house. As the preface says, each of these volumes assumes the truth of the principle of evolution as defined by Professor Le Conte, and attempts to apply that principle; the first volume in tracing the history

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of Christianity as a spiritual force; the second in exhibiting Christianity as a social development; the present one in a statement of Christianity as a system of doctrine.

We reserve for later notice the third volume of the English translation of Dr. Adolph Harnack's "Dogmengeschichte." The *History of Dogma* is a genuinely great work. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." Ritschl made these words the corner-stone of his system, and they are with us continually as we read page after page of a book which has been inspired by the great German's work on "Justification and Reconciliation." In following Ritschl as a master, however, the Rev. Laurence Henry Schwab has not followed him blindly. Parts of *The Kingdom of God* are quite independent of Ritschl's thought, and parts are even in disagreement. Mr. Schwab's book helps us the better to understand one of Ritschl's failings—namely, a certain blurring in the distinction between the historical and the philosophical or religious ideal. In the main, however, the disciple's book is not only thoroughly Ritschlian both in thought and method, but is a reverent, thought-full, and able outline of that Kingdom of God which our Lord founded. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

The Rev. Dr. Fleming James, Professor of Homiletics in the Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia, has published a peculiarly interesting and useful book on the history of preaching. This volume will be of value, not only to intending preachers, but to all Christians, for they will learn therein much that may be new to them about the true inwardness of the history of the Church. The book's value would have been increased, however, if its index had been fuller. Professor James calls his volume *The Message and the Messengers*. He divides it chronologically and logically into discussions of prophetic preaching, rabbinical preaching, the preaching of Christ, the Greek period (especially well treated), mediæval preaching, the preaching of the Reformation and of the period following. A chief lesson to be derived from the perusal of this volume is that expressed in the phrase of Jevons—"the reaction of the audience on the speaker." (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

The Ministry to the Congregation is the title of a series of lectures on homiletics by Dr. J. A. Kern, President of Randolph-Macon College. (W. B. Ketcham, New York.) The work gives evidence of much learning, and will undoubtedly prove helpful to preachers. Not the least valuable feature of the book is the bibliography appended to each lecture.

Heroic Stature is the apt title for a volume which comprises essays on Luther, Latimer, Wesley, Norman MacLeod, and Charles Finney. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.) The matter of this book was found by his executors among the effects of the late Professor Nathan Sheppard. While the essays are not remarkable for literary finish, they are often witty and pungent, and are of that practical yet inspiring sort which do good.

As *The Silence of God*, the title of a book by Mr. Robert Anderson, "Assistant Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis," is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, we opened the handsomely printed volume with the pleasant surmise that a new Commissioner of Police in New York City might have been appointed, and that America might now have some one in political life as an offset to Mr. Balfour, the author of "The Foundations of Belief." It was only after the index at the end of the book, however, that we discovered the work to have been issued originally from the Gresham Press, London, and so the author appears to be an English one. He has written a helpful book, for he takes up a discussion of the question, "Why is God cold, pitiless, silent?" and endeavors to give the solution.

The Rev. Dr. C. R. Baker has written some beautiful *Prayers for the Christian Year and for Special Occasions*. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.) The author tells us that, of modern writers of prayer, he is sensible of owing most to Mr. Beecher, "though I have tried to keep clear of the hortatory form which intrudes so often even with him."

The Rev. Dr. Beverley E. Warner, Rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans (to whose yellow-fever heroism we referred last week), has gathered together in one volume a series of his Lent lectures, and entitled them *The Facts and the Faith*. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.) The work is a particularly admirable and careful study on the rationalism of the Apostles' Creed, and is a well-put reply to those who aver that Christianity does not stand the test of scientific investigation. The chapter on the Virgin Birth seems the least satisfactory of any. Dr. Warner's style is to

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be commended; it is often tellingly epigrammatic; for instance, "The inspiration of the Scriptures is a spiritual fact; the literal inspiration is an opinion about the fact. The Life Everlasting is a spiritual fact; the endless torment of a large part of God's creation is an opinion." The appendix and index are ample and useful.

We chronicle the appearance of the third edition of *The Emphasized New Testament*, by Joseph Bryant Rotherham. (John Wiley & Sons, New York.) The book has been thoroughly remolded.

Christian Missions and Social Progress: A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions, by the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., presents in an expanded and greatly enriched form the author's interesting and important lectures on missions, delivered at Princeton not quite two years ago, and since repeated before Auburn, Lane, and Western Theological Seminaries. The thesis of the volume is that the power of Christianity as a social factor for uplifting mankind is as abundantly evidenced by the work Christian missionaries are doing to-day as by any work done in past ages. To say that the evidence submitted sustains this claim does scant justice to its weight. It is mainly the evidence gathered from missionaries, and it is, of course, the evidence favorable to the main thesis; but the author, as a rule, shows a love of truth as great as his love of "the truth," and critical judgment as well as religious enthusiasm. Few sociological works present so many facts of real sociological significance; and, inasmuch as just the class of facts here presented has been most systematically ignored by professed sociologists, the volume becomes doubly valuable. It is perhaps needless to say that the author rejects the theory that the heathen must be civilized before they are Christianized. The practical work of missionaries, he says, shows that the Christianization must take place first. The work is copiously and effectively illustrated. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

LITERATURE

One of the most critical epochs in Wordsworth's life was his residence in France, where he was strongly moved by current events, and was at one time an ardent republican. He has told the story with considerable fullness in the "Prelude," and he has also explained the natural reaction from the excesses of the revolutionists. It is this period in Wordsworth's life which falls naturally into the hands of a Frenchman for treatment, and M. Émile Legouis has been so attracted by it that he has made a very interesting study of *The Early Life of William Wordsworth (1770–1798)*, with special reference to the interpretation of the "Prelude." M. Legouis was peculiarly qualified to write of Wordsworth. He is not only a thorough student of English literature, but he has very intimate and exhaustive acquaintaince with all the literature relating to Wordsworth. His interest has centered, however, in Wordsworth's youth, and especially in the period when he came under the influence of the French Revolutionary movement; and his study of this period has now been published in a substantial volume by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. A preliminary sketch of Wordsworth's history up to the time of his journey to France is given in five chapters; then follows an account, in four chapters, of what the writer calls his moral crisis—a crisis in his intellectual and spiritual life which was brought about by the condition of things in France. Another book, in three chapters, traces what the author calls "the stages of recovery," and contains studies in some detail of Dorothy Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and other intimate friends of the poet; and the volume concludes with four chapters on what the writer calls "harmony restored," in which he discusses Wordsworth's optimism, his realism, and his relation to science, with comment upon the imagination and the senses.

Professor Lewis E. Gates, of Harvard University, a careful and very competent student of English, has prepared a volume of *Selections from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold*, and has furnished about fifty pages of discreet and intelligent notes. The introduction is an extended and careful analysis and interpretation of Arnold's genius and work both as a writer and a teacher—for the author of "Essays in Criticism" was distinctly and intentionally an educator in the large sense of the word. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Professor J. H. Penniman, of the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of a brochure on *The War of the Theaters*, which takes its place in the series of Philology and Archæology issued by the University. The volume, which is a thin one bound in pasteboard, presents the results of a study of a group of Elizabethan plays which are connected with that quarrel between Marston and

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Jonson sometimes called "the war of the theaters." The writer has endeavored to point out that the relationship between certain plays is so intimate that they may be properly grouped, and in groups they bring out the organic unity of the Elizabethan drama.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers (Boston) send us the fifth volume of Miss Wormeley's translation of Molière, containing the three well-known plays, the titles of which, as translated, read *The School for Wives*, *The School for Husbands*, and *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. This admirable series, which is rapidly approaching its completion, has already been widely accepted as the standard translation of Molière for English readers, as Miss Wormeley's translations of Balzac, issued by the same publishers, have been accepted as the standard translations of the works of the great French novelist.

The handsome Tacoma Edition of Washington Irving's *Astoria*, which takes its place among the other illustrated editions of this popular writer which have appeared under the imprint of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, will receive fuller notice in a more extended review of the holiday publications.——In like manner, more extended comment will be made upon the laudable enterprise of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in the publication of a new edition, in six volumes, of *The Spectator*, edited and annotated by G. Gregory Smith, with an introductory essay by Austin Dobson.

BIOGRAPHY

We reserve for later notice the wealth of anecdotal and biographical detail contained in the two volumes of the late Mrs. Oliphant's *William Blackwood and His Sons: Annals of a Publishing House*. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Last year Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) brought out a very attractive new edition of "The Household of Sir Thomas More." This year they bring out a new edition, uniform with the edition of last year, of *The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton, and the Sequel Thereto, Deborah's Diary*. This very pleasantly written book, which brings back in an intimate way the charm and life of the old time, is beautifully printed, and charmingly illustrated by the two well-known artists, Herbert Railton and John Jellicoe. The Rev. W. H. Hutton furnishes an introduction which will gratify those who have long desired to know something of the author of these delightful books. It is pleasant to know that she was considered very old-fashioned even by those who knew her intimately; that she was a wide reader and stout Churchwoman; and a gentle, quiet lady, who found the best way to prepare for writing a book was to darn stockings.

ESSAYS

The Diary of Master William Silence, by the Rt. Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, is a charming study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan sport. The author has often been a visitor to the hunting-grounds of Exmoor, where from time immemorial the red deer have been the attraction and the sport is pursued according to ancient usage. He tells us that the thoroughly Shakespearean character of the hunt and of its surroundings impressed him enough to suggest the collection of passages illustrating the scenes with which he had become familiar. Then came the idea of a stag-hunt, in which the incidents of the chase should connect these passages. The tale is told in Shakespearean language, by Master William Silence, who records his experiences in a diary. This is supplemented by a chapter on "The Horse in Shakespeare," and by ample notes and indices. Every Shakespeare student and lover will find pleasure and profit in this book. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

American Ideals and Other Essays Social and Political, by Theodore Roosevelt, are for the most part exhilaratingly combative. Mr. Roosevelt holds his opinions strongly, and battles for them with all the vigor of his being. He is irrepressibly a fighter, and his pugnacity asserts itself as strongly when he is handling a pen as when he wielded the baton of the New York police force or carried a rifle in the far West. On most social and economic questions he fights on the side of the powers that be, but this is not because of any want of valor in his nature. He is distinctly valorous, and we like him even when he is fighting against us. His destructive conservatism is due to the prejudices of the class to which he belongs—the class which Mr. Matthew Arnold discriminatingly termed the "barbarians." Among these essays is one on "Phases of State Legislation" which contains some capital stories of Mr. Roosevelt's experiences in the Legislature. The volume is appropriately dedicated to Senator

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Lodge, whose aggressive foreign policy is most strenously supported. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Happiness as Found in Forethought Minus Fearthought, by Horace Fletcher, is a volume of commonplace moral observations. It is, however, occasionally lightened up by excellent illustrations—notably Kenyon West's description of how George Kennan overcame a tendency to physical cowardice. (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

A collection of essays entitled *Song Birds and Water Fowl*, by H. E. Parkhurst (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), will be welcomed by all lovers of birds. These essays are not merely descriptive of the birds; they present what one might call the background of wood and swamp and meadow, revealing the lover of all nature, not the lover of birds only. There are several photographic illustrations of birds.

Mr. Charles M. Skinner, a contributor to The Outlook, and the writer of that charming book, "Nature in a City Yard," has written *With Feet to the Earth*. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.) These essays breathe the very spirit of calmness and quiet enjoyment of nature. This is in a special sense the pedestrian's book.

POETRY

Dreams in Homespun is the title of the last book of poems by Mr. Sam Walter Foss, whose "Whiffs from Wild Meadows" and "Back-Country Poems" have justly won for him not inconsiderable distinction as a writer of dialect verse. Some of the lines in the present volume have in them a suggestion of Mr. Riley's better-known and larger work. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

A collection of poems entitled *In Green Pastures*, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York), is a delightful selection from many books and many authors. The compiler announces these as poems of cheer, faith, hope, and comfort, and that expresses the purpose of the collection. The photographic illustrations are not remarkable.

The Stevenson Song-Book is a collection of twenty of the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson, set to music by Reginald de Koven, Arthur Foote, J. W. Chadwick, and others. The book is a success both from the art and the musical standpoint. Each poem is set in a border design on the page opposite to the musical score. The favorites "Where Go the Boats," "The Land of Nod," and "My Shadow," and many others dear to the heart of childhood, as well as of maturity, are to be found in this beautifully made book. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mrs. Lydia A. Coonley's *Singing Verses for Children* is in its way a unique quarto, presenting a group of very charming verses for children written by Mrs. Coonley; an arrangement of music by four different composers, among them Mr. F. W. Root; and a series of illustrations in colors by Alice Kellogg Tyler. The volume is so novel and so admirable in its adaptation for children that The Outlook will take occasion to comment upon it more at length at an early date. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The selection from Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's poems of *Little-Folk Lyrics*, with its charming illustrations (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), will properly find its place in the comment on holiday books of the season.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY

We note the appearance in one volume of a work hitherto published in two—Professor Ernest Arthur Gardner's admirable *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The second volume of the Rev. Dr. John Punnett Peters's *Nippur; or, Explorations on the Euphrates*, is at hand. Together with the first, it will be the subject of later notice. Suffice it to say now that no work on archæological research has seemed to us at once so able, interesting, and provocative of pride in American generosity and energy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Paul Travers's Adventures, by Sam T. Clover, tells what happened to a boy who undertook to make the circle of the globe without money. He played the part of tramp, stowaway, circus hand, assistant in a balloon, and in many other ways saw the rough side of life. The story has life and spirit, and is sure to interest boy readers. (Way & Williams, Chicago.)——Somewhat similar is *Pacific Shores*, the last volume of Oliver Optic's "All Over-the-World" library. It is rather more didactic and less slangy than Mr. Clover's book, and is a good example of the work of the late William T. Adams. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)——From the same publishers comes *Guarding the Border*, by Everett T. Tomlinson, who has contributed more than one story to The Outlook. This is a tale of the war of 1812, and deals with the Great Lakes cam

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paign. Few writers for boys are as trustworthy in historical matters as is Mr. Tomlinson, and he also knows how to tell a story with energy and point.——*Tim Pickering of 'Scutney*, by Sophie Swett, whose name is also pleasantly familiar to our readers, is a jolly story of boy and girl life at the seashore and in a country village. (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

The long list of Andrew Lang's fairy books, which have been issued in various colors and have borne their names, has received as its latest addition a volume which is called *The Pink Fairy Book*, and which contains a selection of wide range from the fairy tales of the world. The Japanese tales will probably be new to most readers; but those young people who are familiar with Mr. Lang's earlier selections in the same field will come in this volume upon many old friends with new names and in new circumstances; for, under many varying external conditions, a few typical incidents, qualities, and characters sum up the inventiveness of the race in this department of story-making. In this volume there are tales from the Japanese, the Danish, the Swedish, the Sicilian, the Catalan, and the Old French, to say nothing of various other sources. The book, like its predecessors, is handsomely made and illustrated. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

A great treat is in store for the babies who are fortunate enough to become the possessors of *The Adventures of the Three Bold Babes*, by S. Rosamond Praeger. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) In these days, when books for little people of which one may approve from the point of intelligence, morals, and from the artistic standpoint are not numerous, the adventures of the three bold babes and the wonderful dragon will be welcomed by many mothers.

The Boyhood of Famous Authors, by William H. Rideing (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York), is a valuable contribution to what may be called the supplementary school work. Clear, brief essays on the leading authors of America, facsimiles of their handwriting, and examples of their best prose and poetry are given. It is a book for a child's library, particularly for a library that must always be small.——*On Plymouth Rock*, by Samuel Adams Drake (Lee & Shepard, Boston), is another book for a child's library. Maps and pictures add to the interest. It is a close study of the habits of the Indians and of their whole life at the time of the landing of the Pilgrims. It is also a brief history of the Pilgrim Fathers.

In *Stories from the Arabian Nights* (Riverside Literature Series; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), there are eleven stories, the first being "How the Stories Came to be Told."

That favorite and voluminous writer of children's stories, Amanda M. Douglas, has written *The Children at Sherburne House*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) This is the story of a young married woman, the mother of children, who finds the limit of her activity and her happiness alike within her family circle.——*The Young Puritans of Old Hadley*, by Mary P. Wells (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is, as its title indicates, a story of the early days in the Colonies.

Two books for children published by the Lothrop Publishing Company (Boston) will find friends. *Once upon a Time*, by Mary E. Wilkins, is a collection of verses. "The Gift that Could Not be Seen" is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, in the collection. The poems show a sympathy with childhood and a comprehension of its power of imagination that will make the book welcome to many little people.——Those who have followed "The Five Little Peppers," and to whom Phronsie and Polly, Father and Mother Fisher, and the other members of the group have become intimate friends, will welcome the latest addition to the series, *Phronsie Pepper*. The youngest of the "Five Little Peppers" has a book all to herself, which tells her love-story. Polly Pepper, as Mrs. King, is quite as attractive as she was when she was simply Polly Pepper; and Polly's children are just what we would expect them to be.——*His First Charge*, by Faye Huntington, published by the same house, is for older readers. It is intended as a temperance story.

That delightful old story *Undine*, by Fouqué, with charming illustrations by Rosie M. M. Pitman (The Macmillan Company, New York), will delight both children and others who have not yet lost their love for this classic tale.

TEXT-BOOKS, ETC.

A School History of the United States, by Professor John Bach McMaster, is, in most respects, a capital piece of work. Unusual attention is given to social and industrial matters, and the pages devoted to these subjects are, of course, of unusual interest. The purely military history of the country is compressed. Professor McMaster aims to be

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dispassionate when treating questions upon which party opinion is still divided, but in this is not always successful. He accepts President Cleveland's theory that the panic of '93 was due to the fear that our money would depreciate, and does not even suggest that all opponents of the repeal of the Sherman Act, and the ablest advocate of repeal—Senator Sherman himself—took entirely different grounds. Regarding the continuance of the depression after the repeal had been accomplished, he says: "This condition was generally attributed to the coming revision of the Sherman Act." Democrats—at least those who believe in free coinage and free trade—will hardly feel that their views have been given a hearing. (The American Book Company, New York.)

The set of *Natural System of Vertical Writing Books*, prepared by A. F. Newlands and R. K. Bow, and issued by D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, with an accompaning monograph on the system by C. H. Adams, expound and illustrate in a clear and interesting way an excellent method of teaching legible writing which shall be individual, neat, and easy and rapid in practice. Both idea and method are marked by common sense.

The Growth of the French Nation, by Professor George Burton Adams, of Yale, is another of the excellent text-books prepared for the required reading of the Chautauqua Circles. It is so distinctively devoted to the political growth of the French nation, and so largely to the growth prior to the eighteenth century, that the book is not so enlivening as might be demanded. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of political philosophy it is admirable. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

A valuable addition to the "Contemporary Science Series" is a translation of Marie de Manacéïne's work on *Sleep*, originally written in Russian. This is a thorough study of the physiology, pathology, hygiene, and psychology of the subject. While the book is in some parts too technical for most readers, in great measure it can be understood by other than specialists, and particularly the chapters on dreams, somnambulism, and hypnotism are almost fascinating. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Daniel G. Elliot is a recognized authority on ornithology. His new book, *The Gallinaceous Birds of North America*, with its forty-six fine illustrative plates and its novel color chart, is a thoroughly scientific piece of work, while the sportsman and the lover of outdoor nature will find pleasure and profit in its life-histories of the partridge, the grouse, the ptarmigan, and the wild turkey. (Francis P. Harper, New York.)

A collection of three hundred and sixty-five selections from the writings of Ian Maclaren have been issued under the title of *Ian Maclaren's Year-Book*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

With Whip and Spur, by Colonel George E. Waring, is a spirited account of our Street Commissioner's experiences as a young cavalry officer in the Civil War. It is chiefly about his horses, but the papers contain many scenes of exceptional interest to those who care only for frankly truthful pictures of army life. A picture of Colonel Waring as a young soldier makes an attractive frontispiece to the volume. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

The handsome new edition of the *Complete Works* of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in eight volumes, is an addition to the Riverside Editions which will demand fuller attention in the Holiday Book Number.

Literary Notes

—The title of the forthcoming volume by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is "Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War."

—It is said that the price paid to Mark Twain for his new book is forty thousand dollars, and that Major Pond has recently made him an offer of fifty thousand dollars for a series of lectures.

—No. 1 of Vol. I. of the new series of "Harper's Round Table" has appeared, and in its table of contents some well-known names are noted. The print is good in the new issue, the columns and margins ample, the illustrations fair, and the cover attractive.

—M. Zola's "La Débâcle" may be rivaled by the new novel of MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, "Le Désastre"—the history of the Metz army, a history presenting an exact counterpart of that of the Sedan forces. The brothers Margueritte announce that in future the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is to publish all of their writings.

—Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, protests against the proposed demolition of Church Row, Hampstead. She says:

It is one that most of us know, where many generations have found harmless satisfaction and

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peace, where Mrs. Barbauld dwelt, where Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, and Du Maurier have trod in turn. Church Row is a place which no one ever thinks of without kindness and admiration; when it is knocked down, when teeming flats, built by contract and made beautiful by Lincrusta ornament, stand in its place, how little shall we have in return for a very unique and beautiful thing, which all the speculative builders in the world will not be able to put up again!

Books Received

For the week ending October 29

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Sheppard, Nathan. Heroic Stature. $1.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

McMaster, John B. A School History of the United States. $1.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Child, Frank S. A Colonial Witch. $1.25.
Adams, W. I. Lincoln. Sunlight and Shadow. (A Book for Photographers.) $2.50.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Rayner, Emma. Free to Serve. $1.50.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Rideing, William H. The Boyhood of Famous Authors. $1.25.
Palmer, George Herbert. Self-Cultivation in English. 35 cts.
Le Gallienne, Richard. If I Were God. 50 cts.
Lyon, Rev. F. Emory. The Art of Living. 35 cts.
Macgregor, Rev. G. H. C. The Christian's Aspirations. 35 cts.
Dole, Rev. Charles F. The Coming People. $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Barlow, Jane. Irish Idylls. $2.
Mason, A. E. W. Lawrence Clavering. $1.25.
The Ian Maclaren Year Book. $1.25.
Douglas, Amanda M. The Children at Sherburne House. $1.50.
Anderson, Robert. The Silence of God. $1.75.
The Ian Maclaren Calendar, 1898. $1.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK

Moffett, Cleveland. True Detective Stories. $1.
Waring, Col. George E., Jr. Whip and Spur. $1.
Dawson, W. J. Thro' Lattice-Windows. $1.25.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

In Green Pastures. Poems of Cheer, Faith, Hope, and Comfort.
Rand, Josephine. Sardis and the Spirit-Guest.
Schwab, Laurence H. The Kingdom of God.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Mann, Mary E. The Cedar Star. $1.25.
Merrick, Leonard. The Man Who Was Good. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Penniman, Josiah H. The War of the Theaters.

P. B. HABER PRINTING HOUSE, FOND DU LAC, WIS.

Calendrier, 1898. Compilé par C. A. Pettibone. $1.

FRANCIS P. HARPER, NEW YORK

Elliot, Daniel G. Game Birds of North America. $2.50.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Natural System of Vertical Writing-Books.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Arnold, Matthew. Selections from Prose Writings. Edited by Lewis E. Gates. 90 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Prose and Poetical Works. 8 Vols. $12.
Sherman, Frank Dempster. Little-Folk Lyrics. $1.50.
Abbott, Lyman. The Theology of an Evolutionist. $1.25.
Howard, Blanche Willis. Seven on the Highway. $1.25.
Stories from the Arabian Nights.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK

Deems, Charles F., D.D. The Story of a Church Bonnet. 15 cts.
Kern, John A., D.D. The Ministry to the Congregation. $2.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON

Optic, Oliver. Pacific Shores. $1.25.
Drake, Samuel Adams. On Plymouth Rock. 60 cts.
Foss, Sam Walter. Dreams in Homespun. $1.50.
Tomlinson, Everett T. Guard ng the Border. $1.50.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Alexander, Mrs. Barbara. $1.25.
Abbott, Charles Conrad. The Hermit of Nottingham. $1.25.
Magruder, Julia. Dead Selves. $1.25.
Skinner, Charles M. With Feet to the Earth.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Madden, Rt. Hon. D. H. The Diary of Master William Silence. $4.
Praeger, S. Rosamond. The Adventures of the Three Bold Babes. $1.50.
Lang, Andrew. The Pink Fairy Book. $2.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON

Swett, Sophie. Tom Pickering of 'Scutney. $1.25.
Huntington, Faye. His First Charge. $1.25.
Sidney, Margaret. Phronsie Pepper. $1.50.
Wilkins, Mary E. Once Upon a Time, and Other Child-Verses.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Fouqué, F. De La Motte. Undine. $2.
Adams, George B. The Growth of the French Nation. $1.25.
Gardner, Ernest Arthur. A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. $2.50.
Singing Verses for Children. Words by Lydia Avery Coonley; Music by Frederic W. Root (and Others). $2.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Godkin, G. S. Stories from Italy. $1.25.
Swift, Martin. Love's Way and Other Poems. $1.25.
Bouvet, Marguerite. A Little House in Pimlico. $1.50.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, BOSTON

The Chautauqua Year-Book. Edited by Grace L. Duncan.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Roosevelt, Theodore. American Ideals and Other Essays. $1.50.
Peters, John Punnett, D.D. Nippur; or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates. Vol. II. $2.50.
Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women. $1.75.
Irving, Washington, Astoria; or, Anecdotes of an Enterprise Beyond the Rocky Mountains. (Tacoma Edition.) 2 Vols. $6.
Boole, Mary E. The Mathematical Psychology of Gratry and Boole. $1.25.
Hird, Dennis. In Search of a Religion. $1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Dennis, Rev. James S., D.D. Christian Missions and Social Progress. Vol. I. $2.50.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON

Molière. L'École des Femmes, L'Ecole des Maris, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. $1.50.
Smith, Mary P. Wells. The Young Puritans of Old Hadley. $1.25.
Harnack, Dr. Adolph. History of Dogma. Translated by Neil Buchanan. Vol. III. $2.50.
Gladden, Washington, D.D. The Relations of Art and Morality. 50 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Van Dyke, Henry. Little Rivers. $1.25.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Poetry of Tennyson. $1.25.
Lynde, Francis. A Romance in Transit. 75 cts.
Parkhurst, H. E. Song Birds and Water Fowl. $1.50.
Abbott, Rev. T. K. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles to the Ephesians and to the Colossians. $2.50.
Stevenson, Robert Louis. The Stevenson Song-Book. With Music by Various Composers. $2.
Oliphant, Mrs. William Blackwood and His Sons. 2 Vols. $10.50.
Manacéïne, Marie de. Sleep: Its Physiology, Pathology, Hygiene, and Psychology. $1.25.
Legouis, Émile. The Early Life of William Wordsworth (1770–1798). Translated by J. W. Matthews. $3.
The Spectator. Edited by G. Gregory Smith. Vol. I. $1.50.
The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, and the Sequel Thereto, Deborah's Diary. Introduction by Rev. W. H. Hutton. $2.25.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO

Fletcher, Horace. Happiness. (Menticulture Series II.)
James, Henry. What Maisie Knew.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

James, Rev. Fleming, D.D. The Message and the Messengers. $1.25.
Warner, Beverley E., D.D. The Facts and the Faith. $1.25.

W. A. WILDE & CO., BOSTON

Sunday-School Pictures Illustrating the International Lessons. 35 cts.

WAY & WILLIAMS, CHICAGO

Clover, Sam T. Paul Travers' Adventures. $1.25.
Waterloo, Stanley. The Story of Ab.

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The Religious World

Plymouth's Centennial

The closing services of the semi-centennial of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, are taking place this week. The unique genesis of this church made it difficult, if not impossible, to fix upon any one date as exclusively appropriate for the celebration. That genesis is briefly as follows: A Brooklyn merchant had accidentally heard Henry Ward Beecher in Indianapolis, and the hearing had aroused his desire to bring the almost boyish preacher to New York. The unsuspecting candidate for the pulpit of a not yet existing church was invited to deliver an address before one of the missionary societies at the then famous May meetings. He came East for this purpose. Meanwhile a few gentlemen interested in this Christian conspiracy met at a private house on the 8th of May, 1847, and decided then and there to purchase a church building on Cranberry Street, which the First Presbyterian Church had just vacated in order to follow the population to a more favorable location upon the Heights. A week later Henry Ward Beecher preached his first sermon in Brooklyn (May 16, 1847), in this church building. Plymouth Church, however, was not organized until nearly a month later (June 13); the following day Mr. Beecher was called to its pastorate, but did not accept the call until August; he began his labors on October 10, and was installed by Council November 11. Last spring, in commemoration of the earlier of these events (the first meeting at which it was decided to organize a church, and the first sermon by Mr. Beecher before the church was organized), services were held—the first, a prayer-meeting, was held Friday evening, May 7; the second, Sabbath services, on May 16, in which sermons were preached in the morning by the pastor of the church on "The New Puritanism," in the evening by Dr. A. H. Bradford on "Plymouth Church and Puritan Principles." The intermediate dates were passed over by the church without mention, leaving the installation of Mr. Beecher and the official commencement of his work in the church under his leadership to be gratefully remembered in connection with the anniversary of Mr. Beecher's installation. For this purpose three services are being held; on Sunday, November 7, on Thursday, November 11, and on Friday, November 12.

On Sunday, November 7, the Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., of Wolverhampton, England, preached both morning and evening. The Rev. Samuel A. Scoville, the son-in-law of Henry Ward Beecher, united with the pastor of the church in conducting the service of worship in the evening, and the music was rendered by the choirs of the First Presbyterian Church and Plymouth Church, making a chorus of about seventy voices. With these exceptions, the services did not differ in form from the ordinary Sunday services. The church was crowded on both occasions, but priority of admission was given to pewholders by tickets, and the arrangements made were so excellent and so excellently carried out that there was no crowding or confusion. The church, which is always filled at its ordinary Sunday morning services, suffered the misfortune of its general good fortune in its inability to extend its hospitalities to any considerable extent beyond its own congregation without the hazard of crowding its own congregation out. The theme of Dr. Berry's morning discourse—which was an address rather than a sermon, and which we shall give to our readers in full next week—was "The Influence of Mr. Beecher's Teaching on the Thought and Preaching of England;" the subject of his evening sermon was "The Secret of the Power of the Christian Church." The power of the preacher was demonstrated by the fact that, though each service lasted a little over two hours, the audience was held with unflagging interest to the end.

On Thursday evening three addresses are promised: "The Theology for To-Day," by the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., of Boston; "The Social Problems of the Future," by the Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., of Columbus; and "The Church of the Future," by the Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., of Dartmouth College. These addresses also The Outlook hopes to publish in successive issues. The Friday evening meeting, which brings the anniversary exercises to a close, will be a simple prayer-meeting, and thus the whole celebration will both take its beginning and reach its consummation in the

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simple devotional services of the church meeting as a family.

Theology on the Pacific Coast

It begins to look very much as if there were one man on the Pacific coast who lays claim to omniscience in all matters theological. That man is the editor of the "Occident." When the great Christian Endeavor Convention was expected in San Francisco, he devoted all the energies of his paper to an attempt to compel the Christian Endeavor Society to ostracize the Rev. William Rader, whose only fault was his acceptance of the views of the Higher Critics. In that attempt he ignominiously failed. Now the Rev. J. A. Cruzan, D.D., editor of the "Pacific," who has been recently recognized as pastor of the Congregational church of North Berkeley, Cal., has roused the ire of the editor. The "Occident" declares Dr. Cruzan a heretic, and is pursuing him as remorselessly as it pursued Mr. Rader. It declares that Dr. Cruzan is guilty of the most pronounced heresy, and that there can no longer be any question as to the open indorsement by the leading clergymen of his denomination; that they are rushing at a furious rate toward Unitarianism, Universalism, and infidelity. The charge is so sweeping that we have taken pains to read with much care the Statement of Belief presented by Dr. Cruzan to the Council which installed him. On most points it is eminently conservative, and a statement that would be accepted almost anywhere and in any denomination. The only point we notice about which there might be any question is that concerning the Last Things, on which he assumes an agnostic position; but even there his statement is sufficiently strong for most people. It is as follows: "At the end of this Gospel dispensation, when Jesus comes in judgment, then the incorrigibly wicked (so my Bible says) are to meet 'the second death.' I accept the awful declaration as a fact; I do not know just what it means—no man does. Possibly it may mean annihilation." Even there, however, Dr. Cruzan is not dogmatic. Few, except the hypercritical, would ask for a stronger statement. What he says concerning God, the Incarnation, the work of Christ and of the Holy Spirit, is all in substantial accord with the historic faith of the Church; and it passes our comprehension how any man in his senses could characterize such a statement of belief as tending toward Unitarianism. It shows very clearly one of two things: either the critic does not know what Unitarianism is, or he does not understand the statement of Dr. Cruzan. If that indicates a tendency toward infidelity, then a very large proportion of the ministry of the Church which the "Occident" presumes to represent is in the same movement; but no one before has been able to discover the peril of their position. Dr. Cruzan properly has taken no notice of the persecution; which reminds us, by the way, of the way in which "Ian Maclaren" is being persecuted by a few unknown critics in England.

The Universalist Creed

The new Creed adopted by the recent Universalist Convention is intended to take the place of the Winchester Profession of 1803. This, indeed, was the only action of the Convention which is of special interest to those outside the denomination. The Creed is as follows:

> The conditions of fellowship in this Convention shall be as follows:
> The acceptance of the essential principles of the Universalist faith; to wit:
> The universal Fatherhood of God;
> The spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ;
> The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God;
> The certainty of just retribution for sin;
> The final harmony of all souls with God.
> The Winchester Profession is commended as containing these principles, but neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided always that the principles above stated be professed.

This Creed has the merit of brevity and perspicuity. No one will misunderstand it. It does not even refer to many doctrines emphasized by evangelical churches, but is a strong, clear, and, we believe, accurate statement of the position of the Universalist churches of the United States.

A Presbyterian Anniversary

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Westminster Standards was celebrated in New York on Monday and Tuesday, November 8 and 9. The meetings were held in the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, under the auspices of the Historical Committee of the New York Presbytery. The programme included addresses by the Rev. B. B. Warfield, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Princeton, on "The Westminster Standards: Their Significance as a Creed;" by the Rev. William S. Plummer Bryan, D.D., pastor of

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the Church of the Covenant, Chicago, o "The Westminster Standards as Tested by History;" and by the Rev. F. F. Ellingwood, D.D., of the Board of Foreign Missions, on "The Westminster Standards and the Evangelization of the World." At a meeting on Monday, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Union, in the Madison Square Concert Hall, quarter-millennial addresses were on the programme by the Rev. James D. Moffat, D.D., President of Washington and Jefferson College; the Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D.D., pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C.; by the Moderators of the General Assembly, the New York Synod, and the New York Presbytery, and by the Rev. Henry M. Booth, D.D., and the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. On Tuesday evening, in the First Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of the Sunday-School Committee of the Presbytery, there was a gathering of the Presbyterian Sunday-schools, with platform addresses by representative men.

A Negro Reformatory

We have received a letter from the Hon. John H. Smyth, LL.D., ex-United States Minister to Liberia, and now a citizen of Richmond, Va., calling our attention to the organization and incorporation of "The Negro Reformatory Association of Virginia." Our readers well know that The Outlook has for a long time earnestly advocated the reformatory method of punishing criminals in this country. That the object of incarcerating criminals, whether they are boys and girls or adults, should be, not merely to confine, control, and punish them, but, most of all, to reform, educate, and train them, is the belief of almost all thoughtful and careful students of penology. In this part of the country this method of treating offenders against society and the law is successfully carried into practice at the Elmira State Reformatory. We are very glad to learn that it is now proposed to introduce the reformatory method into the Southern States for the treatment of negro criminals. To do this, of course, takes money. Mr. Smyth's object in writing to The Outlook is to interest Northern philanthropists in the organization of which he is President, and the portion of his letter which we print below we are confident will arouse that interest:

An annual crop of negro criminals in Virginia tends to lessen respect for respectable negroes, a blot upon the State and the Union, a scandal to Christian civilization, and a menace to the lives and property of the honest citizenship of every State.

The State of Virginia is not able to provide a reformatory for white minor criminals, and, as a consequence, that need had to be met by public-spirited, Christian men, and through an appeal to public charity.

What could not be done for the white minor delinquents is not expected to be done for black ones. But the State and the counties of the State provide for the food and clothing of white minors in the reformatory—under the control of "The Prison Association of Virginia"—a private corporation. The same provision would be made for the inmates of a negro reformatory.

To place ourselves in the attitude, as negroes, of saving our boys and girls from the degradation of imprisonment in the jails and the penitentiary of Virginia, it is necessary to provide an ample farm, dormitories, workshops; and sufficient machinery should be had to make these delinquents industrious laborers—thereby saving their bodies and minds to respectable man and womanhood, and putting them in condition to accept Christian truth.

This can be done in Virginia, if an opportunity is given to lay our case before the Christian people of the North.

I beg to state that the Advisory Board of the Negro Reformatory Association of Virginia is composed of the foremost white citizens of the State. This is a high compliment to the effort we are making as negro citizens.

The Cambridge Conferences

The Cambridge Conferences, of which an account was given in The Outlook for August 7, announce an interesting programme for the coming season. The regular Sunday conferences commence on the second Sunday in November. The meetings will be held in the fine new auditorium in the Studio House, 168 Brattle Street, Cambridge, and will be presided over by Dr. Lewis G. Janes.

Dr. Janes announces the following programme for the Sunday conferences (in addition to which various other meetings will be held):

November 7—Address by Prince Kropotkin, of Russia, on "The Moral Influence of Prisons upon Prisoners."

November 14—Professor Edward Cummings, of Harvard University, on "The Dilemma of Philanthropy and Progress."

November 21—Mrs. Angie M. Mosher, of Cambridge, "Brittany and Some Bretons."

November 22—The Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Moline, Ill., "Woman's Place in Social Evolution."

November 28—The Rev. George Willis Cooke, of Lexington, Mass., "Ethics of Family Life."

December 5—The Rev. M. M. Mangasarian, of New York City, "Ethics of Punishment."

December 12—William Potts, of New York City, "Social Conditions in Town and Country."

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December 19—Edward Atkinson, Ph.D., of Boston, "Ethics of Trade or Commerce."
December 26—Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "England Twenty Years After."
January 2, 1898—Miss Mary White Ovington, Head Worker of the Pratt Institute Neighborship Settlement, "Neighborhood Ethics."
January 9—The Hon. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, "A Study of the Divorce Question."
January 16—Edwin D. Mead, editor of the "New England Magazine," "Ethics of Citizenship."
January 23—Mrs. B. J. Harnett, of New York, "The Social and Religious Life of Hindu Women."
January 30—The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, of New York City, "Ethical Problems in Education."
February 6—Professor Josiah Royce, Ph.D., of Harvard University, "Aspects of Social Psychology."
February 13—Mrs. Frederick Nathan, President New York Consumers' League, "Ethics of Domestic Service."
February 20—Second lecture of Professor Royce, on "Social Psychology."
February 27—Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Ph.D., of Columbia University, "Poverty as a Social Problem."
March 6—Third lecture of Professor Royce, on "Social Psychology."
March 13—Henry Hoyt Moore, President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, "Ethical Aspects of the Saloon Problem."
March 20—Joseph G. Thorp, President of the Cambridge Social Union, "The Norwegian System of Regulating the Liquor Traffic."
March 27—John S. Clark, Treasurer American Statistical Association, "Ethics of Business Life."
April 4—Fourth lecture of Professor Royce, on "Social Psychology."
April 10—Mr. Edward King, of New York City, "The Rights and Duties of Labor."
April 17—Fifth lecture of Professor Royce, on "Social Psychology."
April 24—Walter S. Logan, of New York City, "The Rights and Duties of Capital."
May 1—Concluding lecture of Professor Royce, on "Social Psychology."
May 8—Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Director of the Conferences, "Industrial Conciliation."

Principal Fairbairn as Haskell Lecturer

It is not too much to say that no other man who speaks the English language would have quite the same influence in behalf of Christianity in non-Christian lands as has Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford. He is known wherever the English language is spoken, and known as a representative of the highest type of intellectual and spiritual life. It is, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that we learn that he has been invited by the University of Chicago to be the second lecturer on the Haskell Foundation, which means that he is asked to go to India, and probably to China and Japan—in short, to make a round-world tour as expounder of the Christian faith. In these columns we have repeatedly expressed our conviction that such form of missionary service is the best that can possibly be performed in the three great nations of India, China, and Japan under existing circumstances. The Deputation to Japan urged that the various mission organizations unite in sending out annually such lecturers. Nothing has been done in regard to that suggestion; but the University of Chicago, true to the spirit of leadership which characterizes it, bids fair to lead the churches in what we believe will be the greatest advance in modern missionary history—namely, the sending out of a regular succession of those whom the ablest minds in non-Christian countries recognize as worthy of attention for their ability and prominence as expounders of the Christian faith. We hope that Principal Fairbairn will see his way clear to accept this invitation.

Conventions for Deepening Spiritual Life

Interesting conventions for the deepening of spiritual life are now being held in turn in several Canadian cities, including London, Hamilton, Brantford, Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, and Halifax. The meetings are conducted by three Keswick representatives—the Rev. F. S. Webster, Birmingham; the Rev. C. Inwood, Belfast; and the Rev. John Sloan, Glasgow. Large audiences gather; at Toronto Association Hall was crowded afternoon and evening at the three days' Convention.

Notes

We regret to learn that the Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D., of the First Congregational Church of Chicago, has felt constrained, because of the condition of his health, to resign the pastorate which he has held for nearly thirty years. Dr. Goodwin is one of the strong preachers of the country, and a man who has made a deep impression not only on the city in which he lives, but on the Nation at large.

In commenting on the reappearance of "The Kingdom" in a recent issue, we spoke of it as having been moved to Chicago. This was an inadvertence caused by a previous announcement that it would be so moved. It has been thought wise, however, to continue its publication at Minneapolis, in view of the fact that suits have been brought against it by the American Book Company because of the position which it has taken in regard to that firm.

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Correspondence

Thorwaldsen

To the Editors of The Outlook:

How you stirred my Danish heart by your admirable sketch of the sculptor Thorwaldsen! Denmark is only a small country, and is insignificant in political influence, but, in a modest way, it is exceedingly attractive; it has lovely forests and lakes and seashores, and its people are noted for their courtesy, industry, and cheerful, contented spirit; above all, it has produced, in proportion to its size, a remarkably large number of sculptors, painters, musicians, and poets. Foremost among these stands the sculptor Thorwaldsen, through whose pure genius the world is indebted for a number of creations that will live through the ages. He is best known in this country through his basreliefs "Night" and "Morning;" in the former the Angel of Night is hovering slowly through the air, with a wreath of poppies around her forehead, and carrying in her arms the twin brothers—Sleep and Death. In the latter the Angel of Morning is flying swiftly through the air, scattering flowers over the earth, and carrying on her shoulder the spirit of Light in the shape of a beautiful, smiling boy, gayly waving his torch. Denmark is justly proud of Thorwaldsen, as he was proud of his native city, to which he bequeathed his numerous works, reserving to himself a resting-place in the midst of them. I witnessed, in September, 1838, when I was seven years of age, his triumphal entry into Copenhagen, when he returned after forty-two years of sojourn in Rome, and the students of the University unharnessed his horses, and themselves pulled the carriage through the city amidst the plaudits of the citizens. I also witnessed his funeral six years later.

C. T. CHRISTENSEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Armenia's Orphans

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Years ago the tide of emigration to America from this country set in so strongly that the Government forbade the giving of passports to America altogether. Those who went resorted to various subterfuges to secure permission to go to the seacoast, where they smuggled themselves on board an outgoing steamer. A little more than a year ago, through the intervention of some of the foreign embassies, an order was given that families, not individuals, who would renounce their allegiance to the Government, and who would give security never to return to Turkey, should be furnished with passports. Such persons could no longer hold property in this country. Since that time the tide has been constantly swelling. The utter disorganization of business by the events of two years ago and its present stagnation persuade many to leave, but the most potent reason is the general feeling of insecurity. One can hardly believe, after the awful sufferings of the past, that the poor people will be called to pass through similar experiences again; but the people argue that those events seemed incredible before they occurred; that their Turkish neighbors, some in the way of friendly warning and some with threats, assure them that all adult male Armenians are to be exterminated; while they see no definite sign on the part of the general Government or of the European Powers that a radical change is to be secured; hence there is a general movement to get out of the country on the part of all who can do so. Then, too, there is the difficulty of maintaining self-respect among those who have pillaged and burned your home and killed your friends, and who look down upon you, and yet who demand that you shall sustain neighborly relations with them.

What is to be the future of the Armenians no man is wise enough to predict. Such an emigration takes many of the most enterprising men. Some are pillars in their churches; and even preachers and teachers are going. Yet there are multitudes who cannot go. The very poor, the widows and orphans, we are sure to have with us; and there are some landowners and business men who are not ready to make the sacrifice of giving up everything. It is very certain that God has a plan and a purpose which he is working out, and it behooves us to wait upon him.

Our schools are full, and there is an unwonted readiness to listen to the Gospel, while at the same time there is a marked decrease in the number of laborers. These new conditions have brought unwonted burdens to the missionaries. I know of no one in the country who is not overworked. We need, at least, the prayers of God's people.

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May I, in closing, ask that the orphans who are left to our care shall not be forgotten? The Armenian Relief Committee, of which Brown Brothers & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York City, are the treasurers, propose to establish an Orphanage at Harpoot through the contributions of the Young People's Societies, while there are thousands of other helpless orphans in other parts of this district who appeal loudly to our sympathy. Will not your readers help us to care for them? Our hearts are burdened for them. Generous contributions will lighten this burden wonderfully.

H. N. BARNUM.

Harpoot, Turkey.

A Religious Canvass

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A new method of evangelization has recently been tried in Washington under the auspices of the Sunday-School Association, which represents all the leading denominations with the exception of the Roman Catholic.

The city was divided into one hundred and forty districts, each district being subdivided into divisions. Canvassers were sent out in twos equipped with printed slips to be filled out. "The Lord sent them two and two" was the quotation which headed the lists of questions, some of which read as follows:

Number in family who are over twenty-one years old?
Number in family who are from 3 to 21?
Number in family who are under 3?
Any not church members; for which church do they express a preference?
Number not church members, with no preference?
Number willing to attend Sunday-school or join Home Department, with or without a church preference?
Number Bibles and Testaments in house (approximately)?

Two thousand professed Christians undertook the task of going from house to house—one block being assigned to each pair. The experiences were varied; a Frenchman whom they had been warned not to approach received them almost effusively, and stated that his heart and soul were in the work; a saloonkeeper volunteered to give all desired information for the modest sum of five dollars; some informed their interlocutors that they were asking questions which were none of their business; but, on the whole, they were received with kindness and the questions answered cheerfully. Disagreeable experiences were decidedly in the minority. One hundred and fifty thousand invitations to attend services in the various churches were distributed.

After the returns are all in, the names and addresses of those who have expressed preferences for any special denomination will be handed over to that denomination, and an earnest effort will be made to reach them. Great good is expected to come of this canvass.

A. B. P.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Your issue of July 31 and that of the "Contemporary Review" for August contained a discussion of the "New Sayings of Christ." Both articles paid particular attention to the last part of the fifth saying: "Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me. Cleave the wood, and there am I." Dr. Bacon, in The Outlook, suggests that these words refer to the old sacrificial worship (rearing altars, etc.). Dr. James in the "Contemporary" gives what seem to him the three possible meanings they can have. I am curious to know why the possibility that the words may be meant as a prediction of Christ's death and resurrection is excluded. The raised stone at once suggests the opened tomb; the cleft wood, the cross. The figures are not unlike those of the early Christian writers. "Christ became the head of another race regenerated by himself through water, faith, and *wood*, containing the mystery of the cross." (Justin Martyr, dialog. 138.) It is true that the connection between the last part of the saying so interpreted is not very apparent with the first part, which seems much like Matt. xviii., 20. But the saying seems a hard one upon any reading.

W. F. B.

It seems to us that in any case the second part of Logion 5 must be interpreted in harmony with the first part. This rules out any reference to Christ's death and resurrection. We think Harnack's and Grenfell's interpretation very plausible. According to this the key to the second part of the Logion is found in Ecclesiastes x., 9: "Whoso heweth [R. V. margin, moveth] stones shall be hurt therewith, and he that cleaveth wood is endangered thereby." The connection of such a reference with the first part of the Logion ("wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him") would be this: Even in difficult and dangerous work the Master is with his solitary disciple.

What answer shall I make to a friend who inclines to be skeptical with regard to the doctrine of satisfaction as taught here in a Methodist church? He is often a witness to the re-

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pose of mind evidenced by penitents at the altar upon believing, and hears this same feeling of contentment expressed by the people in experience meetings. He claims that this state of feeling is the result purely of a mental or psychical process, and is independent of any other outside influence. A. H.

We presume you mean by "satisfaction" the full (*i. e.*, fully satisfying) assurance of peace with God and acceptance by God. So far as this is the result of full repentance and obedience to God, it is a right and reasonable state of mind. All our states of mind result from mental or psychical processes, as your friend thinks. But God also has something to do with them, all our powers being from him, and he being active in them all. In thinking true thoughts we think his thoughts after him. Every right act is an act of fellowship with his all-upholding Spirit. Some persons are by their psychical constitution predisposed to doubt, and others to faith. Psychical causes therefore render it easier for some than for others to come to the full assurance which the character of God authorizes in the penitent and obedient. But, so far as this experience is genuinely formed, it is characteristically rational and moral, not merely psychical. It is the natural expression of the life that has entered into fellowship with the truth and love and righteousness of God.

In "Notes and Queries" for October 16 I read: "But this is said of Christ, the eternal Son of God, not of Jesus, the temporal and earthly incarnation of the Son." Do I understand you, then, to regard them as *two*, not one and the same? Does The Outlook hold that the *individuality* of Christ in the material body, and of Christ in his spiritual and glorified body, whose likeness we hope to wear, are not the same? We cannot hope, with finite minds, to understand the Trinity, but Christ, our Saviour, is *God*, or he is *not* God; there is no half-way ground. I should like The Outlook to express its belief in "Yes" or "No" to the following question: Is Christ God? H. G.

We are not authorized to affirm more than the Scripture itself affirms, viz., "God was in Christ" (2 Corinthians v., 19). According to the Scriptures, God and his Son Jesus are two beings, not one and the same. Their unity consists in one and the same Spirit. The Spirit of the Christ of God is the Spirit of God. This Spirit is the Eternal Christ, ever in the world to reconcile it to God: see 2 Corinthians iii., 17, "the Lord is the Spirit"—the term "Lord" here signifying the Christ. It is this Eternal Christ-Spirit which, as we said, John represents as the Eternal Word of God, the Light and Life of men. See also John i., 1 and 14: The Word was God, but it is this Word *made flesh* which tabernacled among men, and his glory was *as* of the only begotten of the Father. Compare here the R. V. margin. See also 1 John i., 1: That which we have heard, etc., *of* the Word of life. The finite manifestation cannot be all that there is in the infinite. Hence your question, "Was Christ God?" is not one whose proper answer is either yes or no; he was God manifest in the flesh—that is, so much of God as can be manifested in an earthly life.

There seems to be considerable evidence for Dr. Abbott's view that the remission of sin means never the remission of punishment for sin. If the consequences of transgression are as inevitable in spiritual things as in material, must there not be necessarily assumed a purgatory? The widespread idea that punishment *is* remitted seems to be based on such passages as Psalm ciii., 10, and Romans viii., 1. How are these expressions to be understood? M. X.

The passages you quote do imply a remission of penalty, and certainly one must believe that a process which takes away all sin will eventually remove penalty also, leaving only such penalty as is in itself redemptive—that is, essential in the process of taking away the sin; but the essential thing in the redemption is the removal of the sin, not the removal of the punishment.

Kindly state your explanation of what has frequently puzzled me, viz., If God is *our Father*, why are we commanded to ask what we want in *Jesus's* name? Will He not give us what is good, for our *own* sakes, because we are His children? A Constant Reader.

Your difficulty is in not making the proper distinction between the modern and the ancient and Biblical sense of the term "name." In modern minds the name is not necessarily characteristic of the person. The ancients regarded it as expressive of the personality. Asking in the name of Jesus is, therefore, no mere formula like "for Christ's sake." It is asking in his spirit, the filial spirit, whose personal desires are always cherished in complete subordination to desire for the fulfilling of the Father's will, and for our own ends only as auxiliary to his ends.

1. Will you state the best books on criminology? 2. Can prison rules be obtained from some of our best reformatories, or facts regarding prisons from authorities at Washington? G. H. W.

1. See Wines's "Punishment and Reformation" (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York), Ferri's

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"Criminal Sociology," and other books in the Criminology series (D. Appleton & Co., New York); also Bradford's "Heredity and Christian Problems" (The Macmillan Company, New York). 2. Yes; from Elmira, for instance. For facts regarding prisons we think you will not get so much from Washington as from the Prison Reform Association, New York.

Kindly name some book which would assist me in obtaining some information on the Significance of Color. I would like, also, some books treating of the Coloration of Birds and the Coloration of Flowers. SUBSCRIBER.

Whether the following list will be of advantage to your special object we cannot tell; it is the best we can furnish. Benson's "Principles of Color" (London, 1868); Rood's "Modern Chromatics," with applications to art and industry (International Scientific Series, New York, 1879); Abner's "Color Vision" (the Tyndall Lectures: London, 1894); "Color Study," by L. Prang and others—suggestions for a course of instruction in color for public schools (Boston, 1893).

The Outlook for September 18, page 162, speaks of the "new power" of the Gospel. 1. Is this power "new" from other than a human viewpoint? 2. Did the disobedience of man necessitate a change in the equipment of the Cosmos, or was water for cleansing provided in the beginning, and available since the advent of man? 3. Does the term "law" include the spiritual nature of man and all his relations to the Father?

X. Z.

1. New in the sense in which additional light on a subject already in part illuminated is said to be "new light." 2. What God does at any time he does at all times. Redemption was not initiated *Anno Domini*. 3. "Law," as used in the article you refer to, was understood as covering the entire nature and relationship of man.

Was there a legal obstacle against Paul's withdrawing his appeal to Cæsar after Agrippa's decision? (Acts xxvi., 32.) Did Paul hope for a more full vindication from the Roman tribunal?

J. E.

An appeal, when formally made and granted, could not be withdrawn.

Will you please tell a weary searcher for facts whether there is any drift of Presbyterians toward Episcopacy? Are there so many, according to your observation, who are seeking pastures new and prelatical that it may be dignified as a "movement"? A. H. A.

We think not. Individual cases occur for individual reasons. The rector of a large city church informs us that about eight per cent. of the total number of his confirmation classes for a period of years have been Presbyterians. Outside of large cities we suspect the number is much less.

F. S. C.—The Rev. A. B. Bruce, D.D., is Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free (Presbyterian) Church College at Glasgow—a theological seminary. He belongs to the liberal school of critics, to whom a greater liberty is conceded in Scotland than in this country by the denomination to which he belongs. He is sixty-six years of age, and is equally eminent both in learning and in piety. His chief published works are "The Training of the Twelve," "The Humiliation of Christ," "The Chief End of Revelation," "The Parabolic Teaching of Christ," "The Galilean Gospel," "The Miraculous Element in the Gospels," "The Kingdom of God," "St. Paul's Conception of Christianity," "Apologetics," "With Open Face," "The Providential Order of the World."

Answering "W. R. H." in The Outlook for October 30, regarding "tide-streaks" and "tide-riffs," I will say that my experience on fresh water suggests the following explanation: I have observed on the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers permanent streaks or circular patches of smooth water which are undisturbed even though the waves run briskly up to the very edges. These edges are sharply defined, and the inclosed water has an *upward* current, which destroys the horizontal motion of the waves. This upward current is caused by the conformation of the river bottom, by a deep hole, a rock, or sunken wreck, which deflects upwardly the horizontal flow of the river at that point. The same effect is seen in the wake of a (sailing) vessel, where the displaced water eddying upwards aft preserves a smooth track behind the vessel a thousand feet or more in length, depending on the speed and on the agitation of the surface of the water. I should think that the running tide would give rise to the same phenomenon. At any rate, a moment's inspection should show whether this explanation is correct. I might add that the undertow, being deflected to the surface, could produce the effect noted. F. C. S.

"D. M. S." asks the authorship and title of the poem beginning "The ivy in a dungeon grew." It is called "The Ivy in the Dungeon," and was written by Charles Mackay, of London, born in 1839, died 1870. Dr. Cuyler altered the last verse to make the poem descriptive of Jesus Christ as the true "Light of the World," and this version can be found in one of his booklets for "young men." I have the *original* version of the poem, and will give it to "D. M. S." if he sends his address through The Outlook.

S. M. H.

I reply to the question of "J. M. C." in The Outlook of October 23, as to the author of the quotation, "I expect to pass through this world

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but once," etc. These lines were written by Etienne Grellet, better known as Stephen Grellet in this country. They have been rendered into verse by Joseph A. Torney, and used as an epitaph on the tomb of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. S. M. M.

About People

—Mr. J. M. Barrie's description of himself at Nottingham in his journalistic days, ten or twelve years ago, is as follows: "An uncouth stranger wandering in the dark round the castle, his appearance unimpressive, a book in each pocket, and his thoughts three hundred miles due north."

—Dr. Herbert Friedenwald, of Philadelphia, who has been appointed Superintendent of the Manuscript Department of the Washington Congressional Library, is only about thirty-five years of age. He is a graduate of Johns Hopkins, and obtained his doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania.

—A story is told by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer illustrating the modesty of the poet Whittier. Once when Whittier was visiting at a house in Boston, a woman forced her way to him, and, clasping both his hands in hers, exclaimed: "Mr. Whittier, this is the supreme moment of my life!" Whittier stood first on one foot and then on the other, withdrew his hands and clasped them behind his back, and replied, prosaically, "Is it?"

—Mrs. Caroline M. Newhall, of Salem, Mass., recently celebrated her ninety-second birthday. "Her mother," says the Boston "Transcript," "Mrs. Elizabeth (Endicott) Gray, lived to be one hundred years and twenty-seven days of age, and she has two sisters now living, one four years older than herself, and the other two years her junior. These three sisters, whose aggregate age is nearly three centuries, are now living in one city, and all are enjoying good health.

—President Richard Cecil Hughes, who is now at the head of Tabor College, Iowa, is a graduate of Wooster University, Ohio. He was a member of the class of '84, in which, out of a total of twenty-three, thirteen have become clergymen and three college presidents. He spent a year at Princeton Seminary, and completed his theological course at McCormick Seminary, Chicago. He was then called to the chair of Psychology in Tabor College, and has now been called to the position of President. It is worth mentioning that, in the Hughes family, six generations have furnished twenty-eight clergymen, all college graduates, without a break in the direct line. All of these pastorates have been long, from ten to forty years, and several from thirty to forty years.

—The Vienna "Neue Freie Presse" tells this story: "In accordance with the police regulations, it was necessary for every official of the Statistical Congress, recently held in Moscow, to fill up a form giving particulars of himself and family. The president was the Czar, and to him two of the forms were sent. They were returned filled up as follows: 'Name, Nicolas Romanoff; ordinary occupation, Emperor of all the Russias and Sovereign of the Russian territories; secondary occupation (if any), landowner and agriculturist.' The second form, also in the handwriting of the Czar, was as follows: 'Name, Maria Feodorovitch; ordinary occupation, Empress of all the Russias and Sovereign of Russian territories; secondary occupation (if any), president of all societies and associations for female progress in Russia.'"

—The London correspondent of the Birmingham "Post" recalls a story connected with the historic Congregational church in Fetter Lane. At the old Dissenting chapel which stood in Fetter Lane, the first proclamation was made in England of the accession of George I. to the throne. One Sunday morning, the story runs, Thomas Bradbury, minister of Fetter Lane Chapel, met Bishop Burnet hurrying to the bedside of Queen Anne, and learnt from him that the Queen was nearing her end. It was arranged that if the Queen died during the morning a messenger from the Bishop should repair to Fetter Lane Chapel, sit in the gallery opposite the preacher, and betoken the event by dropping a handkerchief over the front of the gallery. During the service Bradbury saw the messenger let fall the handkerchief according to the arrangement, and the preacher promptly announced that the Queen was dead by praying that God might bless the reign of King George. Ever afterwards Bradbury prided himself that he had been the first to proclaim the accession of George I.

—From the present Lord Tennyson's Memoirs of his father we take the following story: "Another most amusing friend of mine was Edward Fitzgerald, an Irishman, the specialty of whose humor it was that the more comical were his words, the more solemn his face always became. I remember an illustration of this. After a large evening

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party, when nearly all the guests had departed, the rest remained to smoke. In that party was a man celebrated for his passion for titles. On this occasion he exceeded himself. All his talk was of the rich and great. 'Yesterday, when I was riding with my friend, the Duke of ——;' 'On Tuesday last the Marquis of —— remarked to me.' It went on for a long time; the party listened, some amused, some bored. Edward Fitzgerald was the first to rise. He lighted a candle, passed out of the room, stood still with the lock of the door in his hand, and looked back. He could change his countenance into anything he pleased. It had then exchanged in a moment its usual merry look for one of profound, nay hopeless, dejection. Slowly and sadly he spoke: 'I once knew a lord too, but he is dead!' Slowly, sadly, he withdrew, closing the door amid a roar of laughter."

—The insanity of M. Mihaly Munkacsy has called renewed attention to his great works, and it will be of interest to all Americans to know that one of his most admired paintings, the "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Two Daughters," now hangs in the Lenox Library, New York City. The artist's celebrated portrayals of Christ, the "Christ Before Pilate" and the "Christ on Calvary," were brought some years ago to this country and exhibited. M. Munkacsy's whims generally had a foundation in poetic justice. For instance, when his painting of "The Death of Mozart" was exhibited in his studio, he had an orchestra in an adjoining room play Mozart's "Requiem"—indeed, he always had appropriate music performed while his works were being inspected. M. Munkacsy was born in the old Hungarian fortress town of Munkacs. The original family name was Lieb, but when Hungary became an independent kingdom every citizen was told that he might choose a distinctively Hungarian name. Though the Liebs were of German descent, they were none the less loyal Hungarians, and they therefore adopted as their family name a modification of the name of their native town. The little Mihaly was soon an orphan, and his childhood was spent amidst hardships. When eight years old, he was apprenticed to a carpenter. In Hungary the village carpenter combines also the trades of house-painting, cabinet-making, and upholstering, and the boy's first experience with colors was obtained in painting the outside of a country cottage.

October Necrology

October 2. General Neal Dow. Born 1804. Famous throughout this country and England as a prohibition leader, and as the author of the Maine Law. See page 354.

October 4. Samuel J. R. McMillian. Born 1826. United States Senator from Minnesota, 1876 to 1888.

October 5. Charles T. Roy. Born 1854. Professor at the University of Cambridge, England.

October 5. Francis William Newman. Born 1805. An author and philosopher. The brother of the late Cardinal Newman. See page 406.

October 6. William A. Stiles. Born 1837. One of the Park Commissioners of New York City.

October 6. Sir John Gilbert. Born 1817. President of the British Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors.

October 8. John Roderick McPherson. Born 1833. From 1877 to 1895 United States Senator from New Jersey.

October 8. Sir Peter Le Page Renouf. Born 1822. A celebrated Egyptologist.

October 12. Charles W. Jones. Born 1834. Formerly United States Senator from Florida.

October 13. Thomas James Robertson. Born 1823. Formerly United States Senator from South Carolina.

October 15. The Very Rev. Charles John Vaughan. Born 1816. Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple. See page 491.

October 15. Charles Edwards Colby. Born 1855. Professor of Organic Chemistry in Columbia University.

October 18. Charles Anderson Dana. Born 1819. Editor of the New York "Sun." See page 463.

October 18. John Lorimer Worden. Born 1818. Rear-Admiral of the Navy and hero of the first combat between modern ironclads. See page 506.

October 19. George Mortimer Pullman. Born 1831. President of Pullman's Palace Car Company, and a great organizer of American industry. See page 505.

October 22. Dr. Justin Winsor. Born 1831. Librarian of Harvard University. See page 506.

October 25. Francis Turner Palgrave. Born 1824. A well-known English poet and essayist and editor of "The Golden Treasury." See page 558.

October 27. Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck. Born 1833. A granddaughter of George III. and mother of the future Queen of England.

October 28. Dr. Alexander Milton Ross. Born 1832. A well-known Canadian writer of books on natural history.

October 29. Henry George. Born 1839. One of the greatest popularizers of the science of economics. Candidate of the Jeffersonian Democracy for the Mayoralty of New York City. See pages 551, 558, and 565.

October 30. Edward Rush Ruggles. Born 1836. Professor of the German language and literature in Dartmouth College.

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For the Little People

A Change of Heart

By Mary F. Butts

"I care for nobody,
And nobody cares for me,"
Sang Tommy at play, in the sweet new hay,
Where nobody could see.

So his mother made the fire,
And searched for the old hen's nest,
While the sun from its place high overhead
Went sliding into the west.

She filled the water-pail,
And picked the berries for tea,
And wondered down in her tender heart
Where her little boy could be.

Alone in the dim old barn,
Tommy grew tired of play,
When the cows came home and the shadows fell
Over the new-mown hay.

So into the kitchen he ran,
With a noisy, hi! yi! yi!
His mother had made him a frosted cake;
She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug—
"I will help next time," said he.
"I care for somebody,
And somebody cares for me."

The Travels of a Fox

By Clifton Johnson

NOTE.—The following is a nursery tale which I have never seen in print. It used to be told in New England to the children of fifty years ago.

A fox digging behind a stump found a bumblebee. The fox put the bumblebee in his bag, and traveled.

The first house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house, "Can I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and out flew the bumblebee, and the rooster caught him and ate him all up.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his bumblebee was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my bumblebee?"

And the woman said, "I just untied the string, and the bumblebee flew out, and the rooster ate him up."

"Very well," said the fox; "I must have the rooster, then."

So he caught the rooster and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house, "Can I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and the rooster flew out, and the pig caught him and ate him all up.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his rooster was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my rooster?"

And the woman said, "I just untied the string, and the rooster flew out, and the pig ate him up."

"Very well," said the fox; "I must have the pig, then."

So he caught the pig and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house, "Can I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and the pig jumped out, and the ox gored him.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his pig was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my pig?"

And the woman said, "I just untied the string, and the pig jumped out, and the ox gored him."

"Very well," said the fox; "I must have the ox, then."

So he caught the ox and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house,

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"Can I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman just took a little peep, and the ox got out, and the woman's little boy broke off his horns and killed him.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his ox was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my ox?"

And the woman said, "I just untied the string, and the ox got out, and my little boy broke off his horns and killed him."

"Very well," said the fox; "I must have the little boy, then."

So he caught the little boy and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house, "Can I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

The woman was making cake, and her children were around her teasing for it.

"Oh, ma, give me a piece!" said one, and "Oh, ma, give me a piece!" said the others.

And the smell of the cake came to the little boy weeping and crying in the bag, and he heard the children beg for the cake, and he said, "Oh, mammy, give me a piece!"

Then the woman opened the bag and took the little boy out, and she put the house-dog in the bag in the little boy's place. And the little boy stopped crying and joined the other children.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that it was tied fast, and he put it on his back, and traveled deep into the woods. Then he sat down and untied the bag, and if the little boy had been in the bag things would have gone badly with him.

But the little boy was safe at the woman's house, and when the fox untied the bag the house-dog jumped out and caught the fox and killed him.

Straw and What is Made of It

The possibility of using the waste of any product in a manufactured article results in many ways for the benefit of the people. It employs labor; it means that the article to be produced will be sold more cheaply; and it utilizes that which before has been thrown away, making rubbish that must be destroyed. Within a comparatively short time a method has been invented in this country for manufacturing straw into braids used in the making of hats. Formerly this braid was imported from Europe. It is claimed now that America can produce at less cost a straw braid much more beautiful than can be produced in any country abroad, and that the science or skill of dyeing has been so well developed in this country that now the straws can be colored very much more beautifully than they can be abroad. Florence, Italy, was the place that formerly produced the finest kind of braids for hats. The braid was dyed by the manufacturers and then given out to the peasant people, who made these hats in their own homes. It is said that the peasant women of Italy make braids for hats as easily as our grandmothers knit, and that with the simple kinds of braids they can walk about, make visits, sit by the roadside, and work. Of course, with the more expensive braids, where they used a pattern, they had to work at home. Probably the complicated patterns, such as are used in the crowns of fancy hats, and sometimes in trimming, will always be made abroad, because the people in this country are not willing to spend time in hand manufacture, for which such small wages are paid. For certain kinds of hats, such as chip, peelings are made from the pliable part of the straw next to the outside. These peelings are buried for a long time, sometimes a year, before they are fit for the dyeing process. Chemists have worked for a long time to discover what kind of dyes would color best certain kinds of straw. One kind of straw would take one kind of dye well, and would not another. You see by this that even a simple straw hat has had to call in the aid of science in order that it may be produced at the lowest possible cost to the manufacturer, so that the buyer might secure it at less cost than he would if science did not lend her aid in its manufacture. Science has worked so hard and successfully in this matter in this country that fringes, laces, and a fabric which looks almost like silk have been produced made entirely from straw. Straw has also been manufactured so that it can be used as frames in the making of boxes and in whisk-broom holders. China is the country that produces men's hats most successfully. These are made out of a certain kind of grass that grows in China. The patience

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of the people, and the small amount that it costs to live in China, enable that country to produce men's straw hats at less cost than possible in this country.

The Home Club

Laundry Work

By Jessie Comstock

II.—WOOLEN FABRICS

In the manufacture of wool or fur hats the body of the hat (after being formed into cone shapes) is dipped repeatedly into hot water and manipulated by the workman immediately after its being taken from the water. This results in the thickening and the shrinking of the body, until the process of "felting," so called, has been brought to a successful issue. Thus we see this felting property of wool successfully used for a very useful purpose. In the washing and care of flannels, to keep them from shrinking and thickening, we must avoid, so far as possible, all those steps and processes by which felting is successfully done.

Rub a few fibers of wool together, and place under a microscope; notice the position of the barbs. They are all mixed and matted, and it is impossible to put them back in the original position; therefore they are no longer soft and smooth, but become rough, and, in matting, are harsh. The same principle holds good in the treatment of flannels. If flannels are dipped in very hot water and are rubbed severely, we are adopting to this extent the same process by which felting is carried on, so that the flannels do not dry evenly, and come out hard and harsh. Therefore it is better to soak dirt out (than rub out) with plenty of good pure water. Let the manipulation by which the water is pressed from the goods be as gentle as possible with effective work. Have all the waters of about the same temperature. In extreme cold or hot weather or in rainy weather do not put outdoors to dry. In this case wash the flannels last, that there may be room in the kitchen to dry them.

New Flannels.—New flannels are smooth and glossy. Old flannels are soiled with perspiration, and are filled with a certain amount of oily substance from the body; therefore the first suds, or soap-solution, is taken up by the grease, and does no good, or very little, as far as the cleaning is considered. It requires a second and sometimes a third suds, if very soiled or greasy, to take out the dirt and leave free from streaks.

Order of Washing Flannels.—Prepare good warm soap-solution with good lather on it. Put flannels in and soak. Swash up and down, and pass them, in the same manner, successively through another suds, two clear waters and a bluing water of the same temperature as the first suds. Put through a wringer twice, and after stretching into shape, hang. Stretch from time to time, that they may retain their original shape and thoroughly dry. If this is done, and the flannels are thoroughly aired, there is no necessity of putting the iron to them. Flannel skirts are washed in the same manner, and when nearly dry are placed upon the table covered with two or three thicknesses and finished drying by pressing with a warm iron. If embroidered, press on wrong side. Press, do not rub. Shake out all dust and foreign particles before wetting.

Flannel Blankets.—Soak in warm soap-solution and NH_3 (one tablespoonful to one gallon) from thirty to sixty minutes. Put into a second suds, leave for a few minutes, frequently stir. Put into a rinsing water, which, if there is danger of color running, should contain one tablespoonful salt. Put through wringer; hang outdoors to dry.

Woolen Outing Coats.—In summer these coats may be washed outdoors, and, if not much soiled, in ordinary well water and NH_3. Swash, not rub, through successive waters until the last remains clear. Pull into shape, hang to drip in shaded place, and treat as ordinary flannels. When nearly dry, remove from line and finish drying by pulling.

Colored Wools.—Washed in same way, using warm or cool water and keeping away from the sun. Do not wring, but hang and allow to drip until dry.

To Wash Hose.—Soak in soap-solution for a few minutes. Wring out, and wash in a warm soap-solution, soaping and rubbing the foot well; rinse, hang up by toe until nearly dry, then remove from line and iron. Iron on wrong side. Run hand down to the toe, flatten out, iron on the bottom of the foot as far as heel, turn and iron the top of foot as far as

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heel, press down the heel-cap toward the toe. Carry iron down each side of the leg.

Cost of Foods

Recently a communication came to The Outlook which arouses a question of great interest in the homes of people of limited incomes in this country. It is, What is the lowest cost per capita that will provide nutritious food for one week to a family of five?—that being the average American family. There are doubtless numerous readers of The Outlook who are always struggling with this same question. Many housewives are not compelled to look at the cost of table supplies so closely. This family believes that an expenditure of forty-five to fifty dollars per month for a family of seven and one maid-servant was, if anything, extravagant. Brief replies will perhaps help many readers. In stating the amount per capita to be expended, please state the cost of beef, flour, butter, and eggs in the locality in which the writer lives, as there is a great deal of difference in the cost of staple articles of food in different sections of the country. Menus are not what is wanted, but brief statements from practical housekeepers as to the best investment in foods, and how much should be allowed for each member of the family.

The Motto on Our Money

Dear Outlook: In your interesting article upon "Our Money Device" you did not indicate how Secretary Chase found the inspiration to stamp upon the coin of the realm the words "In God We Trust." The palpable source of this inspiration was the noble declaration of our National hymn. I quote a part of the last stanza to show this:

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Bless the power that made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I hope that the fine declaration of the great hymn may ever be as true as it was on that memorable dawn, when the anxiety of the dark hours of night and conflict was lightened by the sight of that star-spangled banner still waving in the free air, the sight of which Key immortalized in words that will ever immortalize him. May we ever keep fresh in our memories the words as well as the sentiments of the battle-born anthem, dear as it should be to all our hearts. So may the device on the coin of our thought and impulse, as well as on our silver and gold, ever be the motto (sweet, old-fashioned word) given by the patriot poet of an hour of trial, Francis Scott Key, "In God do we trust."

S. V. L.

Some Suggestions and Questions

Dear Outlook: I noticed in your last number that a mother thinks the kindergarten has a tendency to make children more dependent upon others in regard to their play. It seems to me the statement should be most emphatically denied. Many mothers have told me how the children are constantly playing the kindergarten games in the home. I would like to know if the little girl who could not amuse herself has enjoyed the advantage of a kindergarten training. In regard to the lack of imaginative power referred to, I believe the imagination (a certain amount of which every normal child possesses) could be stimulated by telling the little one suitable fairy stories. A course in the kindergarten gift work would also materially increase the creative ability of a child. Some of the gifts are especially designed to produce this effect, and could be used most advantageously by children of eleven and twelve.

A KINDERGARTNER.

Dear Outlook: I read in the number of September 11 the letter of "A Subscriber" in regard to her "little girl of seven, who possesses no power of amusing herself," and also the answer of "R. M. B." in the number of September 25. The suggestions contained in the latter are excellent, but hardly sufficient, for a child is naturally fickle and must have a variety of occupations. I would suggest that the mother procure for herself and study carefully "Home Occupations for Little Children," by Katherine Beebe, and "A Study of Child Nature," by Harrison. The hints given in these two books have been of inestimable benefit to me in connection with my own child, and I believe they will meet the wants of the mother of the little girl who can't amuse herself. F, A. S.

Dear Outlook: A lady has a little boy nine years old, who has a bad habit of stuttering, which grows worse as he grows older. Can any one give any suggestion from her own experience as to the best way of remedying the trouble? L.

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DELICATE LOAF CAKE.

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.

ONE-HALF cup butter, one and a half cup powdered sugar, one-half cup milk, two and a half cups flour, whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder.

Beat butter to a cream, add gradually the sugar and beat at least five minutes. Sift the flour. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the butter and sugar, first a little milk, then a little flour, then white of egg and so continue until all are used. Add the baking powder and beat continuously for five minutes, add one teaspoonful of bitter almond, mix and bake in a moderate oven three quarters of an hour.

Cleveland's Baking Powder keeps cake moist and fresh

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

A prominent physician writes:

Dear Sirs:— Replying to yours on the use of Tartarlithine as a remedy in the treatment of gout, I will say that the verdict is unanimous in its favor. I have used it in the treatment of about a dozen cases with results that are little less than wonderful. The characteristic feature of its action is the rapidity and promptness with which patients improve under its use. An improvement is noticeable within 24 hours. One of the most striking cases was that of a physician suffering from gout along with inability to digest starchy foods, muscular rheumatism and frequent bilious headaches. I prescribed Tartarlithine, and in one week there was absolute disappearance of all of the uric acid manifestations. The nervous irritability disappeared, and he stated that he had done the best week's work which he had accomplished for years.

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—Farthest North. Vol. II., p. 115.

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